THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

MEXICO

A PROMISE

PLUTARCO ELÌAS CALLES -- FELIPE CARRILLO -- MANUEL GAMIO -- JOSÉ VASCONCELOS -- Dr. ATL
RAMON P. DE NEGRI -- PEDRO HENRIQUEZ UREÑA -- ROBERTO HABERMAN -- FRANK TANNENBAUM
CARLETON BEALS -- ELENA LANDAZURI -- KATHERINE ANNE PORTER -- DIEGO RIVERA -- ESPERANZA
VELAZQUEZ BRINGAS -- ANTHONY CROCKER -- CHARLES A. THOMSON -- ROBERT N. McLEAN

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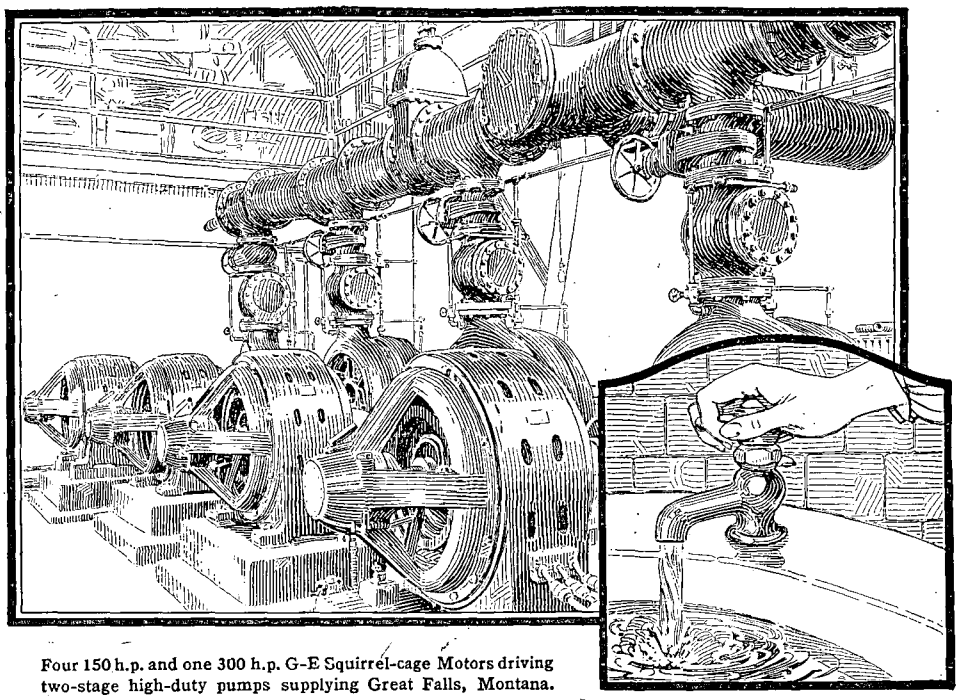

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THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

LIKE our Irish number which some two years ago was brought out the week that saw the dream of an Irish Free State first realized, this Mexican issue is rarely opportune; and like it, it breaks away from the traditional lines of diplomatic and religious controversy to the aspirations of a people as set forth very largely by themselves.

SINCE the age of twelve, when he ran away from a Massachusetts farm to find out about the wide world, Frank Tannenbaum has been making explorations. He has explored the insides of American prisons and colleges, of labor and the South—and he has written authoritative books about them. Under commission from The Survey, he took to Mexico the same eagerness, the same sense of social values, and the sheaf of articles he has brought back interpret that Mexico which within the month has welcomed an ambassador from the U. S. A. (p. 129.)

GENERAL CALLES is next to Obregon the sturdiest figure in contemporary Mexico. A presidential candidate, he is committed to carrying forward the program of the Obregon regime with even greater emphasis, and it was to prevent the social reconstruction which his election involves that the recent rebellion was initiated by politico-military leaders and land holders. General Calles (p. 133) began life as a school teacher.

RACIAL resuscitation is the theme both of Manuel Gamio (p. 143) and of Felipe Carrillo—the one a scientist, the other a native leader. Senor Gamio has this past month revisited the United States, for he was a student of Professor Boas at Columbia before he became the ranking anthropologist of Latin America. His study of the population of the Valley of Teotihuacan is the most intensive regional survey ever completed, and his plans for similar surveys in each of twelve districts is the most comprehensive project of the kind in the world.

WITH the passage of years Felipe Carrillo Puerta, known as Felipe Carrillo (p. 138), will become a legendary hero. A Maya Indian, himself, claiming descent from the last of the Maya kings, second child of a family of twenty-four, he was a longshoreman, railroad engineer, labor leader, governor of Yucatan—a dreamer, poet, statesman, more loved by the people than any other man in Mexico. When the federal troops in Yucatan joined the rebellion last December, he was captured and with three brothers and eight other leaders of the Indians was shot. Late despatches reported Obregon's reconquest of Yucatan.

LAND distribution and a nation of independent small agriculturalists is the objective of Ramón P. De Negri, secretary of agriculture (p. 149), who radically advanced his program in the midst of the recent rebellion. He was formerly director of the national railroads of Mexico, and was for many years consul-general of San Francisco and New York. Education is the solution offered by José Vasconcelos, minister of education (p. 167). *"El Maestro"* to the students of South America, he carries his enthusiasm for learning like a torch into the dark places of illiteracy. He has been a lawyer, exile, ambassador. On his staff is Esperanza Velazquez Bringas (p. 192), educational missionary, writer, educator—and the only woman in Mexico who dared to beard Pancho Villa at Canutillo.

AS an associate of the Y. W. C. A. in Mexico, Miss Landazuri (p. 159) has introduced some of our institutions to her countrymen; and her article prefaces a series of interpretations of the culture south of the Rio Grande. Pedro Henriquez Ureña, who speaks for the intellectuals (p. 165), is the son of a former president of Santo Domingo, and has taught in the University of Minnesota. Scholarly, mild, genial, persuasive, subtle he is described by his pupils. Diego Rivera is the ranking artist of Latin America, and the leader of the new guild of Mexican artists (p. 174). Dr Atl is the carrier of ideas from one group to another; as editor of the *Acción Mundial* he was long in touch with the young revolutionists; as writer and poet he has contacts with the intellectuals; as painter, with the artists; as craftsman, with the Indians (p. 161).

THUS the Mexicans speak for themselves; and scarcely less fired with ardor are those who speak for them. Born in Roumania, a graduate of New York University, a lawyer in Fresno, a soldier in the Spanish-American war, Roberto Haberman (p. 147) has for many years thrown in his lot with the new Mexico and its labor movement. Carleton Beals (p. 135), whose book on the Fascisti was the keenest, most penetrating study of that movement we have had, has followed with his equally illuminating "Mexico—an Interpretation." He, too, is a virtuoso—scholar, philosopher, poet, who has just completed a novel.

CHARLES A. THOMSON (p. 179) planned to do missionary work among the Mexicans—so he took an M.A. degree at the University of Mexico and interested himself in labor and educational problems there. He is now connected with the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church. It is under the aegis of the same board that Robert N. McLean (p. 184) has met incoming Mexicans at the door of the United States and worked for better understanding between the two peoples. Anthony Crocker, Catholic, traveler and life-long student of Latin American affairs, has lived for many years in Mexico, and on his mother's side is of Spanish descent (p. 183). He is corresponding member of several learned associations in Latin America.

WINOLD REISS came from Munich. He introduces Americans to America. He has sought to preserve in his matchless portraits those native American types which are fast disappearing (p. 153). Katherine Anne Porter (p. 157) translates the living currents back of the customs of the people. She has lived in Mexico for the greater part of the last three years, and is a writer of stories and poems and political articles. It was Miss Porter who collected the art features for this number and who interprets Rivera for us.

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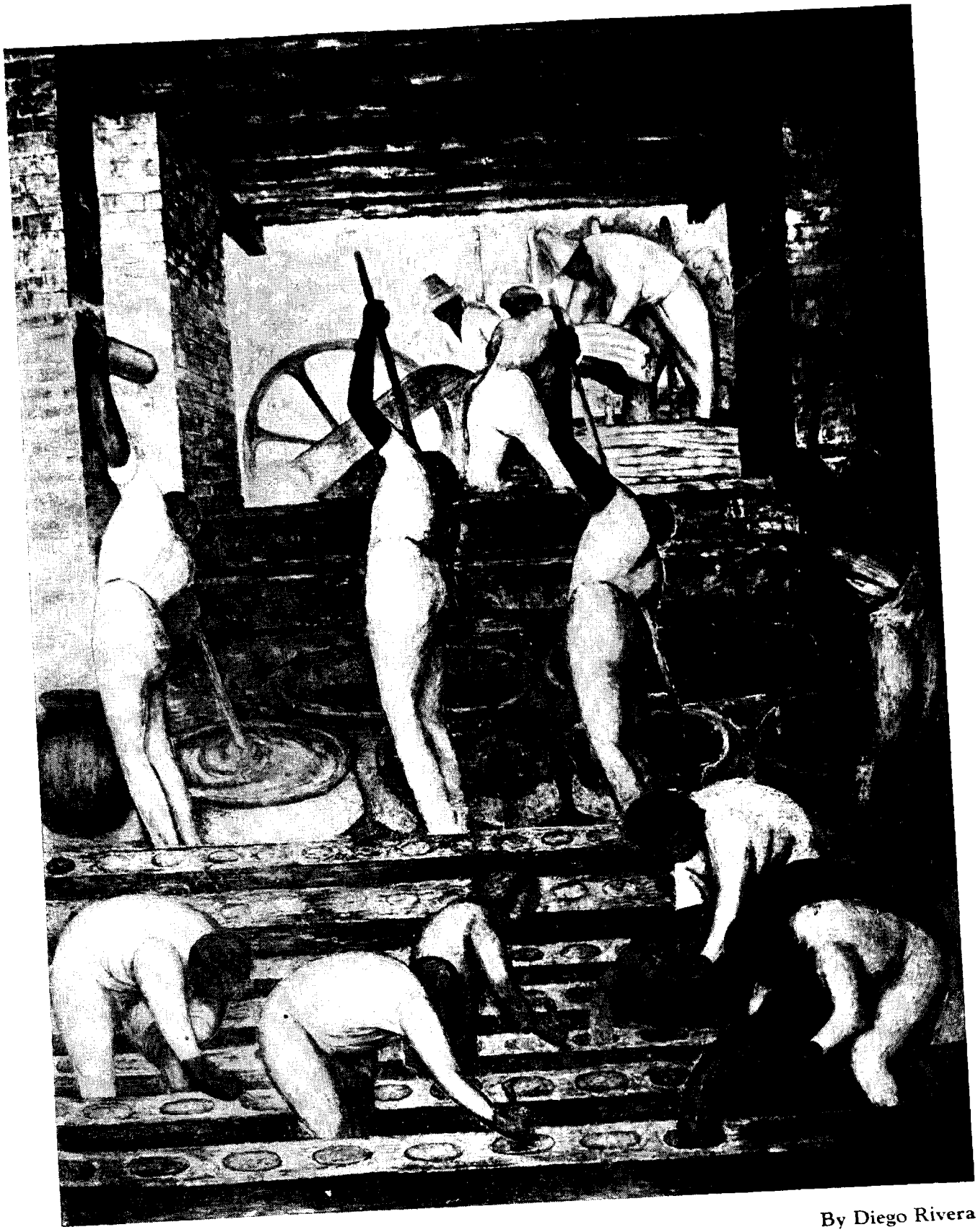

By Diego Rivera

METAL WORKERS

One of a series of mural decorations on the walls of the Ministry of Education building in Mexico city, representing the native arts and industries in the light of the ideals of the new regime.—page 174

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Mexico—A Promise

By FRANK TANNENBAUM

MEXICO! What a strange and curious name that is. To the average American Mexico is a great enigma, a place where the unexpected always happens, a place that has none of the easy and ready paths to understanding and generalization. We know so little about Mexico, not only because Mexico is so different—so essentially and basically different from anything that we can cast into our own notions and forms—but because it is so complex, so many sided, so colorful, so filled with contrasts that rule and plan seem outside its scheme of things.

We know more about Albania, about Armenia, about Afghanistan, than we do about Mexico—and yet to know Mexico is almost a moral obligation. To the United States Mexico is more than a neighbor, more than a different country, more than a field of commercial and industrial exploitation. It is the gateway to a continent, not only physically, but spiritually, culturally—the gateway to an understanding of a hundred million people who inhabit the mountains and the valleys from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan. To be sympathetically aware of the problems, the struggles, the aspirations, the needs, the possibilities of Mexico is to be prepared to understand the peoples of Central and South America. This appreciation of the meaning of the special character of Mexico has never been so important as it is at present.

The great men of Mexico are the prophets of a race. The students of the Republic of Colombia, for instance, have elected José Vasconcelos as their *"El Maestro."* What is true of Vasconcelos is true of Antonio Caso, of Obregon, of Calles, of Gamio, each in his special field. There is a reason for this. Mexico has tried to solve the problems—has achieved a measure of success in the attempts to overcome the very problems that are still to be dealt with by much of the rest of Latin America, and the students, the dreamers, look to Mexico with longing and come to its schools to drink of the new knowledge. Mexico has had its revolution—and while in the ABC triumvirate of South America, modern progress has asserted itself, the majority of the new world republics may be said to be verging on the things Mexico has passed through. Mexico has struggled with an all-powerful church, it is struggling with *latifundia* (large scale absentee landlordism), with illiteracy, with racial denial, with despotism, with military cliques, with feudalism, and most of Latin America looks on and feels the struggle its own. The problem of the church is one that some of the Latin American countries have barely questioned (except sporadically and dramatically as they did in Peru, for instance, in 1923), the question of land distribution, of illiteracy, of raising the Indian to a status of equality with the white man, of destroying the powers of a military caste—all of that is yet to be faced in a dozen capitals.

WE often talk about the history of Mexico as if we were talking about the history of a homogeneous group—as if we were talking about the history of England, for instance. What we ought to say is that we are talking about the history of the white population of Mexico—the history of one million out of fifteen million people. What is true of Mexico is true of most Latin American countries—except that in the last ten years the common masses of Mexico have become a part of the historical record—Zapata, for instance, has made history for a new group in Mexico—and it is that kind of change which the greater part of Latin America is still to have wrought into its record.

This explains the influence of the leaders of Mexico in Latin America. Some day soon the ideals of the Mexican revolution will set vast reaches of a continent ablaze—a fire that may sweep with great destruction over great areas and find appeasement only after much suffering, hope and bloody achievement. For the objective outsider, the prospect of an upheaval in Latin America is seen to be as inevitable as we can now see the revolutions in Europe to have been inevitable after the success of the French revolution. I think it is expecting entirely too much wisdom to look for a deliberate adjustment so that the benefits of the Mexican revolution may make themselves felt in Latin America without strife and bitterness and ruin. But in understanding the *meaning* of the Mexican revolution we can find patience and sympathetic good will for Latin America when the need for them arrives.

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WE have often asked why cannot the Mexicans live in peace, and make progress by constitutional methods? Why can they not model their history upon ours? Why can they not use the political forms and formulas that they have adopted as their own.

We boast our democracy as a point of virtue, giving the impression that we somehow hit upon the scheme and the method out of clear genius; that when the revolution against England was done with we discovered the right key and opened the great lock that hid the secret of it all. That is to belie history: we became a democracy because we could become nothing else. The revolution left the town meeting intact; it brought no fundamental changes in the basic habits of the community. We changed our formal loyalty, but left our social organization as it was.

This, also, was the result in Mexico. They achieved political freedom from Spain; they, too, changed their formal loyalty; but the habits and basic institutions of the country remained rooted. And these fundamental institutions were landholding tyranny on one hand and servility on the other. With tyranny went cruelty and with cruelty recklessness and boastful disregard for life, either one's own life or that of others.

Except, that in the case of Mexico and Latin America there was a new complication introduced which has in itself been a source of strife and rebellion—I mean the taking over of foreign formulas of political democracy and representative government. The revolutions were carried out in an atmosphere of attenuated liberalism, doctrinaire and formal, which was foreign to the habits, the traditions and the way of doing and thinking about the ordinary things of life. This contrast between the written constitution and the way of living and doing has been a source of despair to the outsider and a source of irritation to the people themselves. The habits persisted, as social habits have a way of doing, even beyond the newly declared rules and regulations. The formula and the practice had little relation—except as a point of departure for further revolution. The leader of a rebellion always had a ready and a genuine excuse: the constitution was not being lived up to. That was true. But the victory of the revolution left the constitution where it was before—on paper; and thus became a new source for revolution.

In good part, the revolutions were an attempt to square action with declaration, forgetting that true constitutions represent the habits rather than the dreams of a people. This constant attempt to achieve justice by revolution became a contributing factor to further revolution. Revolution itself became a habit—revolution, as well as peace, is a social habit, a way of doing and thinking. The more revolutions the people had the easier it became to have more revolutions. This led to a professional revolutionary class—a kind of military class perpetuating itself in power by constant upheaval, each military chieftain trying to throw the other out of office in the name of a constitution that was not being enforced, and in his turn being thrown out because he could not enforce it, and would not if he could.

The tide of revolution was stemmed under Porfirio Diaz (who had himself risen to power by revolution) only to break out again when he was overthrown. In the interval were thirty years of peace during which local uprisings were put down with an iron hand. In that interval railroads were built, ports developed, mills constructed—that is, the industrial revolution made itself felt in Mexico and brought to the front a new economic group about Diaz known as the *Cientificos,* who, through their abuse of the police power, their control of the courts, their deafness to social justice, laid the foundation of the revolt under Madero. Yet the Diaz regime itself is looked at by Mexican revolutionists of today as contributing to the inevitability of the century-long process.

This eternal strife was a kind of superstructure built upon a landed aristocracy, an enslaved race (who could be used for military purposes), an illiterate and a superstitious people. There has thus been a double process in the situation—a series of military revolutions on the one hand, and beneath that a social struggle more or less persistent.

WHAT is the way out? That is a question that many people have asked themselves. Revolution as a method has been wasteful and productive of little permanent good. The curse of Mexico has been recurrent revolution, and the ease with which it has been indulged for a hundred years has made it the most readily acceptable instrument. Yet there must, even in Mexico, come an end to revolution. There is a recognized undercurrent of resistance to violence, and it is in terms of that gradual change that the last ten years of strife must be estimated. The answer supplied by Obregon, Calles, Morones, De Negri, is social organization; the answer supplied by Vasconcelos is education; the answer given by Felipe Carrillo and Gamio is racial resuscitation; the answer of Zapata was land distribution, and Obregon, Calles and De Negri are following in his footsteps. All of these are supplementary, of course, and overlapping in the minds of the various leaders. But there is an emphasis on one or the other.

The program of social organization seems to me to be the most significant and far-reaching. It is a basic change that the last ten years has wrought in the Mexican community. By social organization in this case I mean the development of a labor movement, which numbers now something like eight hundred thousand organized workers. It is inclusive of the agrarian as well as of the industrial population; of the small communal land groups as well as the city workers. It is molding the Mexican community into new patterns and is distributive of responsibility as well as of power.

To understand why the labor organizations in Mexico are so important, relatively more important than labor unions are in other countries, is to understand what the present promise of the Mexican situation involves. Mexico has been a country without social organization. The church, of course, is an old and powerful institution; but for creative purposes, for stabilizing purposes, for the provision of new techniques, for actual control, the church has not functioned for at least half a century, and there are no immediate prospects of its early resuscitation. That has left Mexico with only one other permanent institution—the Army.

In such a lack of social organization (which really means powers of social resistance as well as instruments for stability), the army becomes the master instead of the servant of the community. There being no effective social resistance, there is no social opinion, no public pressure—and the opinion of the army goes to the man with powers and daring. The test of strength becomes the test of social good. Loyalty is personal, honors are keen and competitive, distinctions are numerous. Mexico was ruled and ruined by a military caste

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because there was no means of control, no method of resistance, no source of stability. There are no movements in Mexico in the American sense of the word. There are no joiners. People do not belong to a dozen different societies and are not asked to join a dozen more each day.

It is in this situation that during the last five years a new social grouping has come to power. This organization has historical continuity—it goes on regardless of immediate failures or success. It is essentially democratic in method. Differences of opinion are real and really tolerated. It agrees by disagreeing. Loyalties are to the group rather than to the individual. In short, there is socialization, there is new habit formation, there is a new type of institution building, there is developed a fundamental philosophy or mental attitude.

This is true in spite of the many shortcomings of the Mexican movement. The meetings of unions are democratic. Decisions are submitted to group judgment. There is distribution of responsibility—there is a constant judging of program by practical results and on an ever-increasing scale. The labor union thus provides a new type of environment for the development of a new type of person, a new attitude towards life. This has made the labor movement the greatest source for social stability in Mexico—a fact that is recognized by Obregon and Calles. Morones, who is the recognized leader of the Mexican labor movement, was in charge of the governmental arsenal. The labor leaders were entrusted with positions of responsibility. An honest shoemaker, Gasca, was the governor of Mexico City. Thus, the labor movement has in a sense been used deliberately as an instrument of breaking down the military caste, whose traditions as well as philosophy made for perpetual strife.

In the recent rebellion it was a part of the army that rebelled in good traditional fashion. What is more, it was hard to know how much of the army could be relied upon. It was in this situation that the labor movement (including the peasants) proved its metal. Volunteers responded by the thousands to Obregon's call for help. The organized labor movement placed its own men in the field with its own leaders; the agrarians under the leadership of the national agrarian movement, which is a part of the labor organization, threw itself into the breach and harrassed the insurgents, so that they had out the territory they actually occupied. General Calles, instead of associating himself with the federal army went off to San Luis Potosí and organized a new army—an army made up of workers and peasants, an army that had social philosophy as well as social policy, that could be relied upon, that would not turn against Obregon and Calles as long as they represented the social ends of the revolution.

It is here that the stabilizing significance of the labor movement is made evident. It has in this rebellion clipped the wings of the military caste—and Obregon may well be correct in saying that this is the last military rebellion in Mexico. The recent rebellion has thus introduced a new controlling power. It has shifted the balance from a military group to a social organization—to the labor and agrarian group. But a labor group essentially has a broader base in the community; it is more widely representative; it is fundamentally democratic in method—that is, its policies must in the long run conform to the basic needs and aspirations of the common masses of men and it involves socialization of the individual to the group.

It is further significant because of the social legislative program embodied in the constitution of 1917. Here again is a broad formula which needs application—a promise which needs fulfillment. If the promise remains unfulfilled, it will again, as the constitutions in Mexico have before, become a good and legitimate excuse for revolution. The great hope is that the labor movement will dedicate itself to the enforcement of the principles and laws embodied in article 123 of the present constitution. In a sense, the work of the Mexican labor movement is clear and well defined. Its immediate job is to work out the application of the social program dealing with labor and work relations.

If the provisions embodied in the basic laws of Mexico were actually applied, Mexico would have one of the best protected and cared for labor groups in the world, for the revolutionists who framed the constitution of 1917 combed the social legislation of the most advanced industrial countries and picked provisions from each for the protection of Mexican labor. The constitution provides a basic day of eight hours; it limits night work to seven hours; it prohibits the employment of women and children at night or overtime; it limits child labor between twelve and sixteen to six hours per day; it provides for a day of rest each week; it compels double time for overtime; it confines the overtime to three hours per day and three days per week; it establishes a three months period before birth and one month after birth for special consideration of women workers; it legalizes labor organization and strikes; it compels the employer to accept arbitration; it imposes a three months'

South of Mexico

THE time has passed in which the Mexican revolution appeared in the eyes of Spanish America a deplorable convulsion. As soon as such eminent men as Antonio Caso and José Vasconcelos brought from Mexico their words of greeting and of revelation to the Spanish-speaking countries of the continent, there broke forth from over twenty republics a mighty current of sympathy, of affection and of admiration for the glorious land of Benito Juarez, which at the cost of suffering and of blood had, under the inspiration of the most lofty principles of social justice, succeeded in undertaking a mighty work of democracy.

THERE exists today more than ever a mighty spiritual bond between Mexico and South America.

MEXICO is then the standard bearer for Latin America. The experience in revolution gained by this great nation will be appropriated by all those others which by reason of their kinship of race, of tradition, of religious influence and of crushing economic injustices, can adapt the results of that revolution effectively. We are watching these labors of Mexico then with interest, with reverence and with hope, as though on the outcome of this great work of progress lay the fate of our common destiny.

—V. R. Haya de la Torre, president of the Students Federation of Peru.

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pay for the unjustly discharged worker; it prohibits shutdowns except for over-production subject to the approval of a board of conciliation and arbitration; it enforces payment of wages in legal tender; it establishes employers' liability for accidents. In short, it gives formal and constitutional expression to the dreams of the reformers of the western world.

So far most of these provisions are on paper. Their application is yet to be worked out. It is for the labor movement to see to it that formula and practice coincide—a specific and definite program that will take much time and patience and the application of which will make a new industrial environment in Mexico.

OF perhaps equal importance is the fact that the labor organization will compel (as it has already done) organization of other groups—the middle class. That is, resistance to one social grouping is bringing out a new type of organization among other groups. The field of power is being preempted by organized groups to the diminishing of the power of the military group and perhaps its ultimate reduction to impotence in matters of political and social policy. The recent uprising may thus signalize the coming of a new balance into the field—organized workers, organized agrarians, organized middle class. But social organizations to carry on need peace, quiet, adjustment; they have all to lose by constant military strife and nothing to gain: while a military clique lives on turmoil.

Peace may at last come to Mexico. And peace is a condition of every other development in Mexico.

WITH peace comes education: not merely reading and writing, but common national interests, a common language, a common historical outlook, the planting in a group of nationalities, of the ideals of a nation. It means the distribution of interest, just as organization means the distribution of responsibility and the breaking up of the large estates means the spread of landholding.

Education, however, in Mexico, as conceived by the leaders in the educational movement involves more than the giving of standard forms of expression and standardized methods of educational technique. It means the drawing out of the various groups in Mexico. It means a contribution to the racial revival that is going on in Mexico. The mass of Mexicans are Indians, and the gradual bringing of the Indian into the national scheme as a part of the active factors, and yet as an individual factor, is what is involved in education in Mexico. The Mayas, the Zapotecs, the Yaquis are to be cultivated not so much for what can be given to them as for what they have to give to Mexico. The inspiring of a contribution rather than the imposing of a standard is the center of interest.

This is perhaps best typified by Gamio in his work with the Indians in the field of scientific endeavor and by Felipe Carrillo in the field of political leadership. I have heard Felipe Carrillo referred to as "the savior of our race." "We are Yucatecans," is the emphasis in Yucatan. "Yes, we are a part of the Mexican nation, but racially we are Yucatecans." That means that cultural growth must run on native patterns. The Maya tongue is to be taught in addition to the Spanish. The old dances must be preserved in addition to the new ones. In architecture, in dress, in music, in habit, in social life, what the racial group has that is good must be developed, stimulated.

I heard Felipe Carrillo say one day, after listening to some recitations of poetry and the making of some speeches —for there was always poetry and music and dancing and speeches wherever Felipe went—I heard him say, after listening to some of these in Spanish, "That was very nice, but it were better done in a language that you really understand. Why don't you recite your poems in the language in which you scold your children, make love to your sweetheart and chide your wife?" And at another time, "We must build a beautiful Yucatan if we want a beautiful Mexico. Our part must be our own; we will make ourselves an inspiration to the rest of Mexico and let them do likewise.... The Maya Indian has a great past and a great future."

In Morelos one finds the same story. "Morelos for the people of Morelos." "The Aztecs," General Amezcua told me, "had a great civilization, a great art, a great religion, a remarkable astronomical science, a fine social organization. We had no beggars, no prostitutes, no bull fights. We must bring the Indian back into his own—he is artist and poet and creative in many lines. The conquest made him a slave and stopped his development. We must release the latent powers."

The ambition is to build a new nation with the source of the old inspirations and to build it on racial lines. The land is the base of social organization. It is not communism. It is not socialism. It is the old Indian land system. To a group of Maya Indians who had just received their lands back, Carillo said, "Land is like a beautiful lady. If you will cherish and court it, it will smile on you and give you many favors. If you neglect it, you will receive nothing but frowns and stones."

THE series of articles that follow are an attempt on the part of the Mexicans to say what they think of themselves, and what they want their neighbors to think of them. They are for the most part limited to those things that are new and unexpected to the large American public. The all but traditional discussion of oil and mining which has absorbed so much attention in our relations with Mexico were left out deliberately—there is another, more fruitful, more genial Mexico to which these essays are dedicated. They are, I think, a remarkably honest series of articles. One would have to go far to find a more self-critical statement than the one by Vasconcelos, or a more uncompromising one in the face of facts than that of Gamio. It is true that much here in the series is dream and hope and plan and program; but the last few years have given a rather unexpected illustration of how to give dreams reality. The picture presented may be flattering. No one would deny the many shortcomings, the many difficulties, the great handicaps—but there is honest endeavor to overcome them. There is purpose, there is vision, there is self-sacrifice and readiness to stake one's life on fulfilment. There is a smiling Mexico back of it all, and the hope of the future predominates over the bitterness of the past—and there is no single formula. They are working from different angles —Calles and Morones in organization, De Negri in cooperation, Gamio in regional survey and systematic study, Vasconcelos in education, Rivera in art.

There is a future in Mexico, a cultural future that may well prove the greatest Renaissance in the contemporary world.

We need to stand humbly before a people come to life.

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Election crowds in Mexico City

A Hundred Years of Revolution

By PLUTARCO ELÍAS CALLES

IT has been human, altogether too human, for the people of the United States to judge Mexican history by the standards of their own career as a nation. They have, for instance, likened our war of independence to their own revolution against England. This attitude is fundamentally erroneous and is responsible for much of the misunderstanding between the two nations. It has given us a false reputation. The time has now come for clearer insight and fuller appreciation of what the last hundred years of Mexican history have involved. A new reading of our political history is essential—it conditions a fuller sympathy between us as neighbors and friends.

The history of Mexico during the last hundred years may be compressed into a single phrase, a single motif, a single end—the achievement of social justice. Where the outsider has seen nothing but tumult, revolt, restlessness, lack of discipline, bloodshed, there has really been a consistent striving for a single end. A common motif has bound all of the revolutions and counter revolutions in Mexico—a common thread, common ideals, common hopes and dreams have blended all of our struggles into one great century-old struggle for the resurrection of the Indian and half-Indian who is Mexico. That is the meaning of the last hundred years of Mexican history—to give the enslaved, oppressed and humiliated masses of Mexico a status of full economic, political and social equality.

Our War of Independence was not fought solely to separate us from Spain. There was a more immediate reason back of the rebellion of the half million Indians who rose in 1810 and followed the standard of Hidalgo and fought for eleven hard years until victory against Spain was assured. The Indians had been robbed of their lands by the Spaniard in Mexico. The Indians had been forced to labor gratis for the Spaniards in Mexico. The Indians had suffered violence and abuse at the hands of the Spaniards in Mexico, and the War of Independence was fought, from beginning to end, rather for the liberation from the Spaniard in Mexico than from the government of the Spaniards in Spain.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Spaniard in Mexico represented political, economic and social dominance. He was the master and the oppressor of the masses. It is only fair to say, however, that the last hundred years of revolution have not been a race struggle but an economic and political one. It has not been against the Spaniard but against the master of the economic life of the nation that the struggle was carried on. It has been a war against oppression and not a war against a race. It has been a war for freedom of the Indian and at no time a war for the extermination of the foreigner.

The War for Independence failed internally even if it succeeded externally. Spain recognized the independence of Mexico—but the Indian remained a slave in fact even if he was nominally a free man. That simple fact made peace impossible. The Indian and half-Indian were not liberated economically by the War of Independence, and the struggle went on. The many subsequent revolts, the tide of passion and hate, of success and failure, of hope and defeat, carried

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the dream of freedom for the Mexican masses from one struggle to another without real peace at any time during a hundred years.

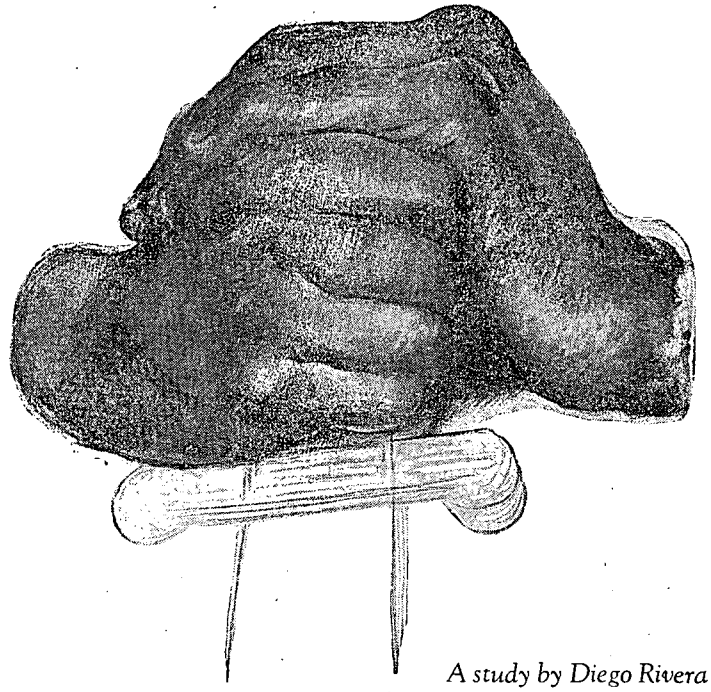
If the Diaz regime gave the impression of peace and quiet, it was merely a smoldering interlude between one passionate striving and another. It was a peace of oppression and in some instances of attempted extermination of the Indian who craved his freedom. One need only mention the Yaquis and the Mayas to recall the fact that the peace of the Diaz regime was an oppression not only by the Spaniard in Mexico but one shared in by other foreign and certain native elements whom he favored.

It was against this oppression that Madero revolted in 1910—just a hundred years after Hidalgo's cry had initiated the series of Mexican disturbances. Madero's movement was a logical continuation of Hidalgo's; it was not an abrupt break with the past; it was merely one more attempt to carry forward the fundamental motive of Mexico's struggle for freedom. A hundred years of civil war against a Proteus-like oppressor who is now Spaniard, now the clergy, now a rare combination of foreign exploiters blending their interest and influences with the native Mexican who belonged to their group—that has been Mexico's history during the last century. It has been a hundred years of revolution with program and principles unchanged. The dreams of Hidalgo, Juarez and Madero are one.

After the successful revolution of Madero, the old story repeated itself. The revolution having succeeded, the enemies of justice set about to thwart its aims, to deny its purposes, to undo its work. Huerta's coup failed. The people of Mexico were too deeply stirred to be easily cowed again. Carranza sought to deviate the ends of the revolution and was overthrown in his turn. The people in their anger have risen and destroyed the plans of any who have tried to deny their hopes and blight their dream of freedom and justice.

We are now at a critical period of our history. The question at stake is whether the objectives of the century-old struggle are to be allowed to develop peacefully or not. These objectives must go on. The seed of democratic justice is too deeply and too widely sown for it to be denied at this hour. The two cardinal aims of the revolution—land and liberty—must succeed. The land must devolve back to the Indians. It is their own land. It is not taking lands from others to enrich the Indians but a matter of simple justice. Before the War of Independence, and since, the Indians have been stripped of their common lands by force—they have been robbed. The process of devolution now going on merely restores to the Indians what is rightfully and justly theirs. There can be no peace in Mexico unless the land program of the revolution is carried out. No government in Mexico can last unless it recognizes the age-long cry of the Indian for land. That is the meaning of our history. Next to land the revolution has involved a demand for freedom—political and cultural freedom—mainly cultural, the right to an education, the right to schools, the right to share the thought, the dreams, the achievements of the race. The revolution has already begun to carry out that aim. It has given much attention to education—and that program like the land program must go on because it is too late to stop it.

It is only he who is blind to the meaning of Mexican history who thinks that what has already been done in that direction can be undone or that it can be stopped from further progress. The program of the revolution must go on. The mass of the Mexican people must achieve a full status of Mexican citizenship. The friends of Mexico must recognize that fact. Those who want peace and quiet in Mexico will welcome a peaceful carrying on of a democratic process. It is only the enemies of Mexico who will try to undo the results of a hundred years struggle and achieve their own undoing in the process.



A study by Diego Rivera

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The Obregon Regime

By CARLETON BEALS

THE rapid reconstruction of Mexico during the last few years has for its vital center the figure of President Alvaro Obregon. Not because Obregon is the latest successor to the throne; rather, his administration represents a fundamental reorientation of the Mexican revolution. It marks the beginning of a new epoch, the vitalized emergence of a new social psychology.

The current phase of the Mexican revolution began in 1911 with the Madero slogan, *"Sufragio efectivo. No re-elección"* (Effective suffrage. No re-election). The Madero reform was primarily political; the social and racial needs of Mexico were largely ignored. In thirteen years the revolution has become a far-reaching social and racial change. The point of departure is the Obregon government.

The truth of this generalization is obscured by the fact that agrarian, labor, and social reform was always peering over the shoulder of the Mexican revolution and also because of the fact that social needs became peculiarly pressing during the Carranza administration.

Indeed, Carranza, though he was never supported by the leaders battling for Indian autonomy, was put into power by the adherents of social reform. After Carranza's split with Villa when he was bottled up in Vera Cruz, four things served to lift him into the presidency: first, the prestige of the socially enlightened constitution of 1917 of Querétaro, the church, land, and labor codes of which were forced through by the Obregon delegates; second, the military genius of the social patriot, Alvaro Obregon; third, the financial aid of the socialist dictator of Yucatan, General Salvador Alvarado, who sent Carranza funds from the treasury of the *Reguladora de Henequén;* and, lastly, the pact signed with the labor leaders who guaranteed to support him with the *batallones rojos.*

Carranza, however, was never the logical exponent of the social phase of the revolution. He was a representative of the independent Mexican *ranchero* and the small middle-class; he was the country-gentleman type—staid, unimaginative; he was old; he was obstinate; he was ignorantly nationalistic; he came into power on the crest of the most terrible wave of internal anarchy Mexico has ever known; he was hedged about by self-seeking militarists and sublimated bandits. He was forced to attempt military pacification and neglected social pacification. Indeed he scourged the very elements that had rallied to him in his darkest hour. The *Casa del Obrero Mundial,* the workers' organization, was outlawed; Yucatan was harried with steel and fire; Obregon and the more enlightened leaders were forced out of his administration; constructive provisions of the Querétaro constitution were never enforced.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

General Obregon with members of his staff on a tour of inspection on the eastern front during the recent rebellion

OBREGON, not only the one comprehensive military genius of the revolution but its first important exponent of social rehabilitation, became the first great social realist since Juarez. Where necessary he has proved extremely radical; where necessary almost reactionary; but there has never been any real contradiction in his policies. His administration has been based upon the elementary social, racial and historic needs of his country. On the one hand he has respected the enlightened world-tendencies of his generation, the extreme manifestations of which have appeared in Russia; and, on the other, he has respected the basic racial, economic and psychological forces of his own nation. He has been the first political leader to discover that Indian liberation and social regeneration are synonymous. Thus his policy has been Janus-faced, but strong, sincere. He has been looking ahead; but equally, he has been looking back into the ancient trials and tribulations of his people and attempting to eradicate some of the evils of centuries of unmitigated oppression. He is one of the few statesmen of our era.

The two great original factors of the Obregon administration have been, first, the clear-cut emergence of popular social control; second, the strengthening of the historic racial regionalism—a consistent respect and stimulation of the *patria chica.* Both tendencies will ultimately revolu-

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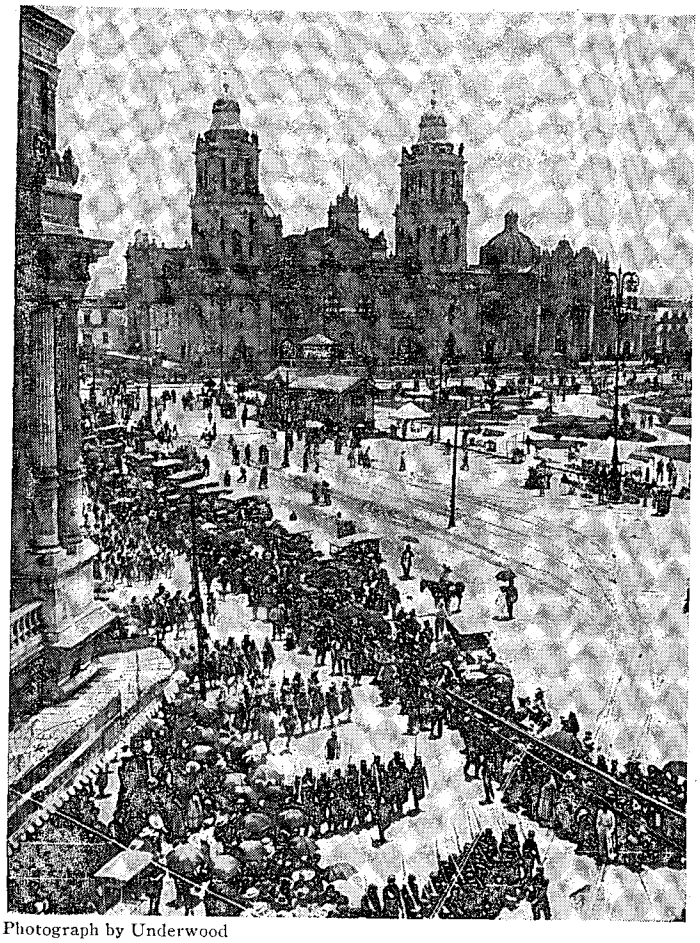

Photograph by Underwood

Federal troops leaving Mexico City for the front

tionize Mexican political practices; both will ultimately make possible stabilized social liberation.

The first has meant the rise of basic social groups: the railway workers federation; the Mexican Federation of Labor; the National Agrarian Party; the Yucatan Leagues of Resistence; various reform and cooperative groups, embryonic political parties not dependent upon the intrigue of self-seeking politicians but having racial, regional, or national roots. Such aggrupations were unknown in the time of Porfirio Diaz. During the ten years of revolution, they struggled into precarious existence. For the first time they have been recognized and tolerated, even encouraged by the State.

The second great phase of the Obregon administration has been the re-stimulation of race values. This unfortunately has meant a toleration of uncivilized practices, of primitive methods, of aboriginal psychological complexes, but Obregon has consistently had faith that the gain in social liberation, the preservation of group cooperation and historical pride would ultimately offset the reactionary character of this aspect of his policy, and bring about a vital elementary enrichening of the cultural greatness of the country. Thus, for the first time since the Conquest, the old race-centers are respected. The Maya-Quiché districts: Yucatan, Quintana Roo, Tabasco, Campeche, are closely knit and well-nigh autonomous. The Zapata race-block is drawing together on a program of agrarian reform; the Yaquis of Sonora have been respected and awarded their ancient valley-lands. Everywhere, in accordance with the constitution, the old *ejido* system of communal landholding is being revived and strengthened.

To offset the reactionary character of this regionalism, the government has resorted to three weapons: first, education; second, anthropological research; third, modernization of the *ejido*. The department of education has developed a corps of missionary teachers (*maestros misioneros*) who penetrate into the most outlying indigenous districts. They are instructed to respect native customs but to teach the people better methods of farming, sanitation, birth-control, group-solidarity, to assist them in elevating themselves as a group. The Mexican university and technical schools send out chemists to improve the soil, the pottery designs, the *sarape* patterns, etc. Manuel Gamio, head of the Department of Anthropological Research (under the Ministry of Agriculture) is consistently trying to restimulate the ancient group-pride by the restoration of the great indigenous pyramids, fortresses, place, and temples. Both the Department of Anthropological Research and the Department of Education are trying to revive the native group-festivals and to utilize the historic arts and crafts in the every-day life of the people in order to elevate their standards and preserve their stamina. In the Valley of Teotihuacan in the shadow of the great Toltec pyramids Señor Gamio is gradually building up model schools, villages and industries, all based directly upon the aboriginal culture that throbs through all the archaeological and artistic remains of the locality. Lastly, the Department of Agriculture as a whole has endeavored to modernize the *ejido* through machinery, scientific methods, diversification of crops, stimulation of cooperative enterprise, etc.

By these two great developments, popular social control and racial and group solidarity, the Obregon administration has not only released the seething vital energies of Indian Mexico which for four centuries have been struggling upwards into the light, but his administration has laid the foundation for the ultimate creation of a strong socialized, federated republic.

Obregon may be a dictator, but he is one of the few dictators of history who have deliberately vitalized popular control instead of attempting to impose enlightened hypothetical benefits.

NOT that his regime is without other definite constructive achievements.

A very outstanding factor of the past three years of progress is education, which, as we have seen, has been one of the weapons used to elevate the indigenous cultures. The educational budget is relatively one of the largest in the world.

Also, in harmony with the general Obregon policy of promoting the social betterment of his people, he has vigorously enforced the enlightened labor-code of the constitution, Article 123. He has, for the first time in Mexican history, guaranteed the rights of the working elements. On the whole he has attempted to keep industry running and has been active in attempting to settle strikes promptly through arbitration.

Nothing could have been made possible without the thorough pacification of the country (as the Carranza experiment with its constantly depleted resources and financial embarrassment so bitterly proved). Obregon's problem of pacification was largely a problem of demobilization. That May morning in 1920 when I saw him sweep into the capital at the head of forty thousand troops was to see the inauguration of a new method of military control. Those

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forty thousand were the advance-guard of an army of over 150,000 men costing the Government at least a million pesos a day. That army included, for the moment, most of the army of Carranza, practically all the bandit and revolutionary forces, and the recruits raised by Obregon. Obregon promptly announced rapid demobilization. But instead of casting his soldiers back into civil life without adequate provision as occurred in most European countries, instead of tossing them a sop of high pensions which would be a constant drain upon the treasury, co-operative military land-colonies were established and the soldiers put directly upon the land in productive pursuits. They were aided with supplies, seeds, machinery and loans, and were allowed to retain their arms to prevent dispossession by the *hacendados*. The big rebel chiefs, Villa, Cedilla, Mexieuro, Torres were given everything they demanded without cavil; they were given no excuse for remaining under arms. The few who persisted were drastically crushed. Three months after Obregon's seizure of the government, I traveled from Cordoba in the state of Veracruz down to Puerto Mexico on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec over a line that, on the few occasions that it had been operating since the fall of Madero, had been able to do so only with the heaviest military escort. The train on which I traveled carried not a single soldier. The Obregon pacification, coming on the heels of ten years of disorder, was marvelously instantaneous and universal.

To buttress up pacification and the principles of free social and racial organization, Obregon promptly initiated the distribution of lands. He has been severely criticized both for the drastic character of his land-policy and for his failure to distribute lands rapidly enough. Both criticisms have a measure of justification. Owing to the financial pressure of foreign capital he has been obliged to follow out his policy of land-distribution without making immediate monetary reparations to the *hacendados,* all land seizures being paid for with interest-bearing bonds. He has wished the people to demand land, rather than force it upon them. Thus it happens that in some parts of the Republic practically no land has been distributed; in others such as Morelos, Veracruz, San Luis Potosí, Yucatan, Mexico, Hidalgo, Zacatecas, large tracts have been partitioned. Most of the land expropriated is for the restitution of the *ejidos*, or village-commons, which were enclosed by the large land-owners in the time of Porfirio Diaz.

WITHIN the year, fresh revolt in Mexico has broken out, reached its climax, and is passing into oblivion. The Obregon government and the principles it represents have been put to a decisive test. For a time the rebels controlled the two largest cities of Mexico outside the capital, all the leading seaports except Tampico, and some of the most productive regions of the country. For nearly two months government and rebels seemed deadlocked.

As a matter of fact the issue was never in great doubt. President Obregon early announced that, in order to avoid unnecessary loss of life, not a single battle would be fought until the federal forces were assured of victory. Though he branded the civil element supporting the revolt as enemies of progress and order and opposed to the principles which had inspired the true revolution, he preferred to emphasize the fact that the De la Huerta movement was primarily a military betrayal rather than of profound social significance. He stated that the organized loyal forces of the country would prove strong enough to dominate the situation without appealing to the people, though at the same time he threatened, should further betrayal create the necessity, to arouse the "peasants and workers" to the defense of "their government."

Nevertheless, he early permitted the organizing of volunteer battalions, largely composed of peasants belonging to the National Agrarian Party, headed by Soto y Gama, and workers from the Mexican Federation of Labor, headed by Luis N. Morones. Various labor leaders were in the field organizing and drilling these recruits: Calles and Yudico in San Luis Potosí; Celestino Gasca, ex-governor of the federal district, in Puebla and Pachuca. Lombardo Toledano was made provisional governor of Puebla; Ezequiel Salcedo, of Zacatecas; Aurelio Manrique, of San Luis Potosí; De la Peña, of Querétaro. This support is significant because the agrarian and labor organizations represent the two most powerful autonomous groups in the country.

Of more practical importance was the participation of the indigenous race-elements. Obregon obviously placed more faith in his Yaqui troops than in his volunteer workers and peasant brigades which might subsequently be tempted to inaugurate industrial revolution. But Yaquis could be depended upon to obey; they formed the backbone of the loyal half of the army; they are feared for their intrepidity and ruthlessness. Many additional thousands were hurriedly put under arms and shipped (*Continued on page* 188)

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Yaqui Indians formed the backbone of the loyal half of the army; they are feared for their intrepidity and ruthlessness

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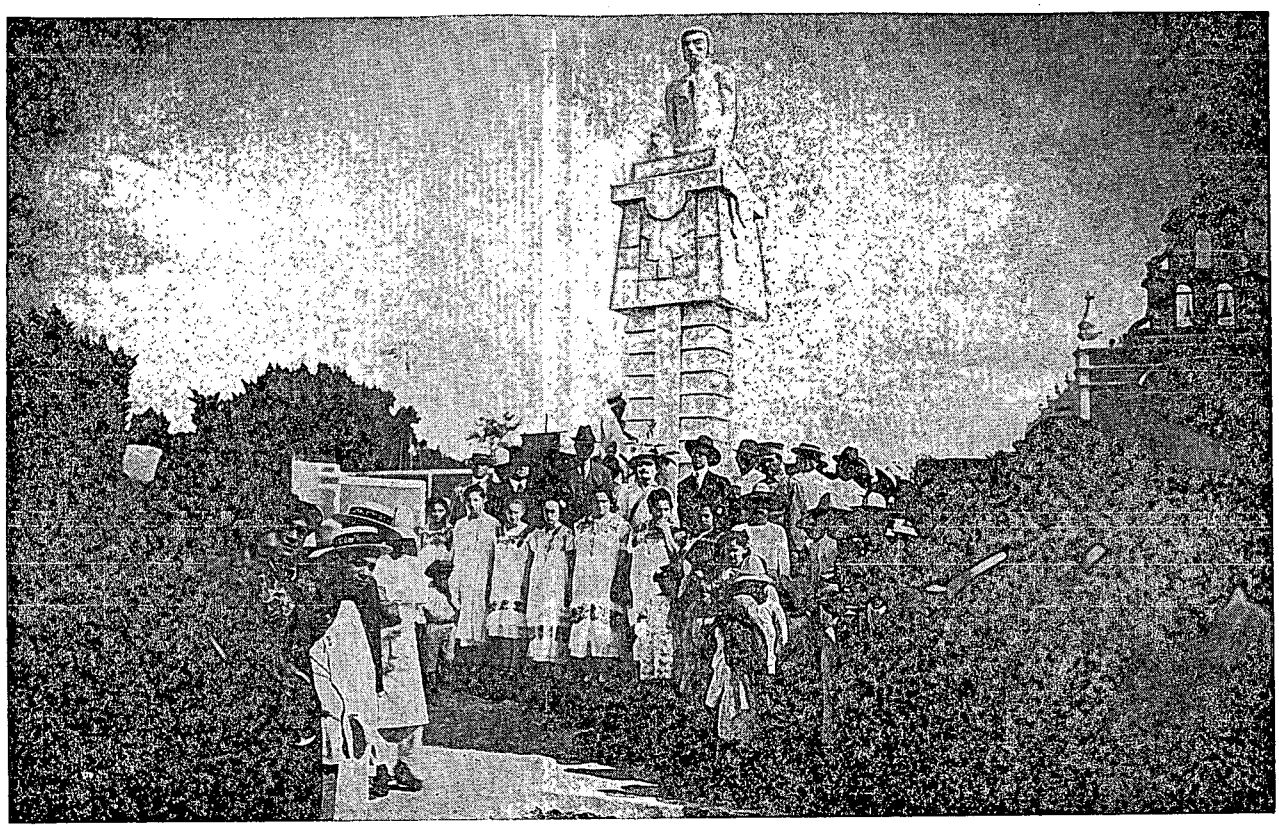

Monument erected in Yucatan by Felipe Carrillo to symbolize the rise of the Indian

The New Yucatan

A message to all Americans from the martyred Maya leader

By FELIPE CARRILLO

YUCATAN is Maya. The stranger who would understand our problem and our possibilities must grasp that simple fact. Our people have a long history; they have a great past, a fabulous, almost a mysterious history, a rich tradition, a tenacious memory and infinite patience. For four hundred years our people have been slaves—slaves to a stranger who knew nothing of our life and who condemned our culture as the work of the devil. We were conquered physically by the Spaniard, but our cultural life persisted. We not only retained our beautiful language, our costumes, our modes of habitation, our religion under a new name, our dress, our food, but our songs, our dances and social relations have continued through the centuries in spite of persecution and in spite of denial. The Spaniard in Yucatan has absorbed much of our habits of life and is more like a Maya than a Spaniard. In other parts of Mexico, the *mestizo* (or mixed blood) apes the white man. In Yucatan he wears our dress and sings our songs. The conquered Indian has conquered his conqueror. Physically that happened through the centuries as an inevitable process of infiltration and absorption. Culturally and spiritually the patience of the Maya Indian gradually wore the conqueror into impotence.

The conquered Maya Indian became a slave. For four hundred years he did not own the soil he tilled, the fruits he raised, the gardens he planted. He was subject to humiliation, to physical abuse, to ill-mannered treatment and he carried heavy burdens for other people's ease and comfort. When the conquerer despoiled the Indian of his land, he automatically took his freedom from him. In an agricultural country land and freedom are synonymous. That explains our slogan in the revolution—"Land and Liberty."

All of Yucatan was in the hands of some two thousand owners and of these a small number of very great *hacendados* dominated all the rest. The Indian lived on a *hacienda,* worked for a *hacendado,* occupied a house provided for him by the master, ate the food doled out to him by the majordomo of the plantation, and worked from before daylight till late at night for the privilege of being able to work again the next day. He was rooted to the land like a tree and was sold with the soil he tilled. He owned nothing. He had nothing. He was nobody, and his voice could not be raised in defense of even the most important things in his own life.

The revolution in Yucatan has one main objective—to give the Maya Indian his status as a free man, to save him from the evil consequences of physical slavery and from the cultural and spiritual stagnation which slavery had gradually imposed upon him. The success of the revolution here must ultimately be measured by that standard. The place of the Maya Indian in the community as a free, self-sufficient, self-reliant citizen will determine in how far the sacrifices

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and bitterness of the revolution will have been justified. All else is a side issue, all else is of no consequence. What has the Indian gained from the revolution in Yucatan? That must be the basis of any honest judgment upon our work.

Our first task has been to redistribute the common lands, or *ejidos,* to our people. The ownership of land, as of old, by the Indian communities is the fundamental contribution of the revolution to date. We are taking these common lands from the estates, leaving the original owner at least five hundred *hectares.* Occasionally the estate left to the *hacendado* is very large indeed. As far as we can, each resident family is provided with twenty-four *hectares* of land. When, however, the taking away of that much land for each individual family in the neighboring village would not leave the original estate as much as five hundred hectares, we reduce the size of the tract taken to eighteen, and in some cases to only twelve *hectares.*

This land is not given to any individual. The Mayas are a communal people, who have strong group responsibility. The lands are common lands and belong to the community. Each community has an agrarian commission which sees to the distribution of the land as the needs of the community determine. No man may either sell or buy the communal land; he has only the right to work and enjoy the fruits thereof. The product is his. The soil belongs to the community. To date, more than half of the villages of the state, more than eighty, have received their lands. Every Thursday and sometimes twice a week, a distribution of land is made to some village. This part of our program ought to be completed within a year. Every community in the state except Me'rida (a city of a hundred thousand) will receive lands. And at Me'rida the outlying towns will be given their share, but they are only small Indian villages, now practically landless. All together about eighty thousand heads of families will share in the common land distribution.

This land distribution is having far-reaching consequences. The first noticeable thing is that the Indians are moving from the large estates and building their homes in the little villages. No one who lives on a *hacienda* can share in the communal lands, for he cannot truly be a citizen, and only a full citizen is entitled to share in the common lands. Old men who have never known freedom, who have never known the joy of possession, who have never planted or harvested for themselves, are today building little houses and carrying their families and children to a village and taking up the life of free men. This has given the *haciendas* a new problem—the problem of using free instead of slave labor—and it has given the worker a new privilege. He now has the right to bargain for the conditions of his work—a right no living Indian enjoyed before.

But more important than that has been the new community life which our people have discovered. They have begun a new political existence, with organization and community problems that compel them to think and work in an altogether different fashion than they have done in four hundred years. Land distribution has thus great political, social and economic consequences.

The most immediately obvious and far-reaching economic consequence is the diversification of crops as a result of the distribution of *ejidos.* Yucatan has for many years been a single crop country. All of our effort has gone into the production of *henequén.* The large estates limited their efforts to that one industry and neglected everything else. Things that we could produce in Yucatan were imported. One of the reasons for this was that it was easier to run a plantation having only one product that was sure of a market. Another reason was that the importation of the food was given to the Indians placed them at a greater disadvantage than the home production of these things would have done. Nominally the Indian was free; actually he was always in debt for his food, and as long as he was in debt he could not leave the plantation. It was in a measure a system of peonage developed for the purpose of labor control. Until four years ago we imported everything we ate. Fruits that are easily grown in Yucatan were brought in from abroad. We imported corn which is the staple food of the Indian; we even imported chickens and eggs. Now we raise all the corn we need, we raise even enough of other foods to be able to export a little. Instead of importing canned milk we are stressing the importation and the raising of cows. We raise our own fruits—and soon we hope that every village will be sustained by its own food raised on its own land.

Felipe Carrillo, beloved leader of the Maya Indians, Governor of Yucatan, who was killed in the recent rebellion

This development is leading to others. Each community that receives land is obligated to put aside a portion for experimental purposes—to see what can be grown and how best it can be cultivated. As soon as all of the *ejidos* have been distributed the government will give the same sys-

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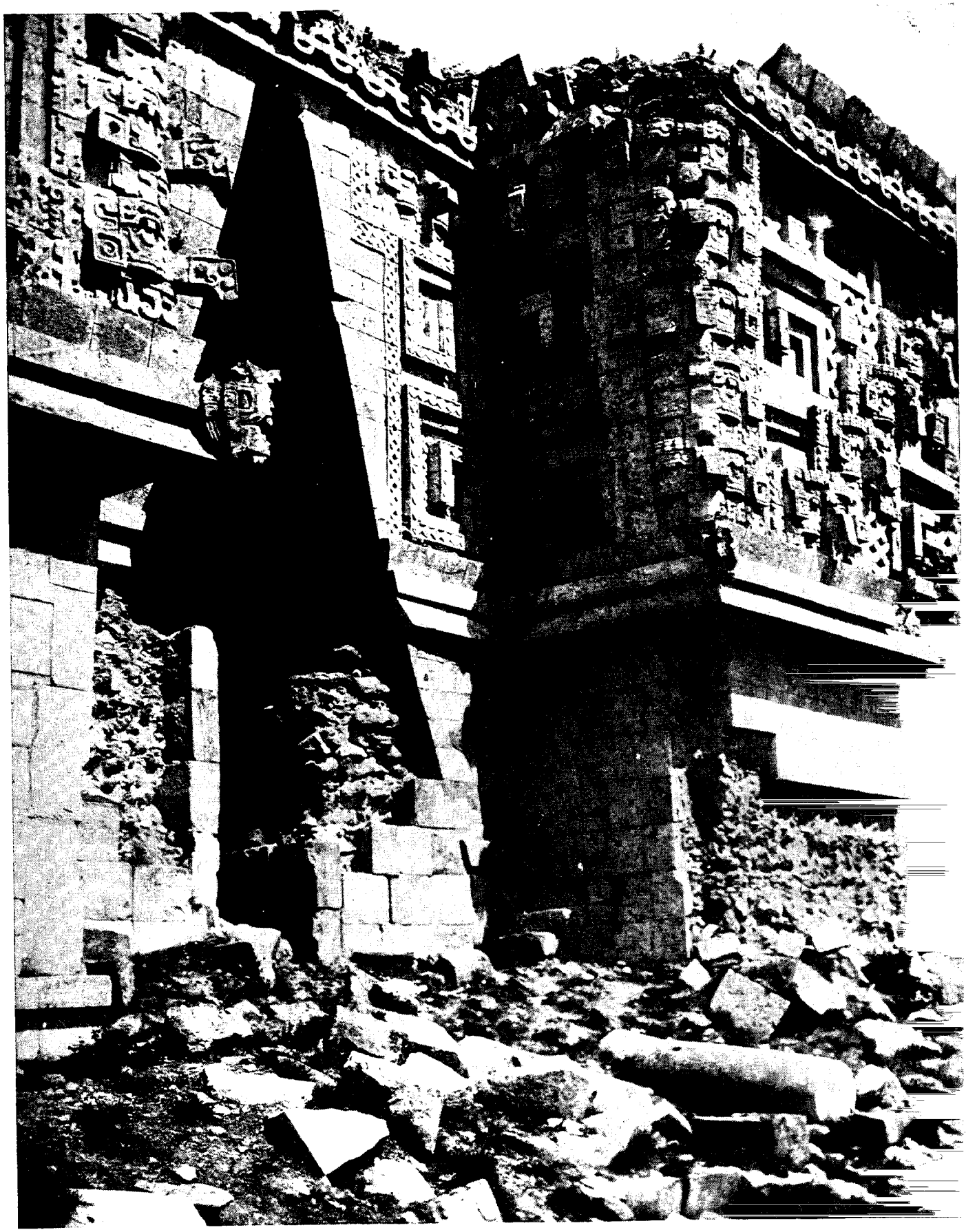

MAYA RUINS IN YUCATAN

These are the monuments of our past and the promise of our future—Felipe Carrillo

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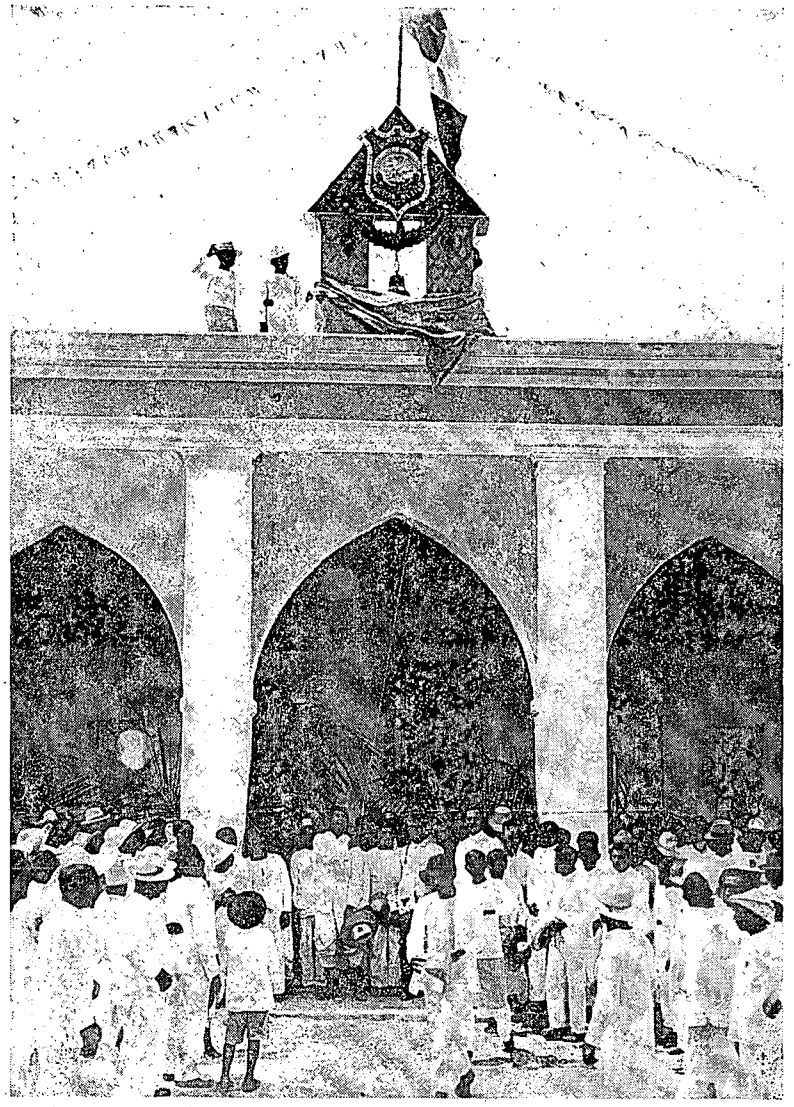


Governor Carrillo opening a Liga de Resistencia office in Yucatan

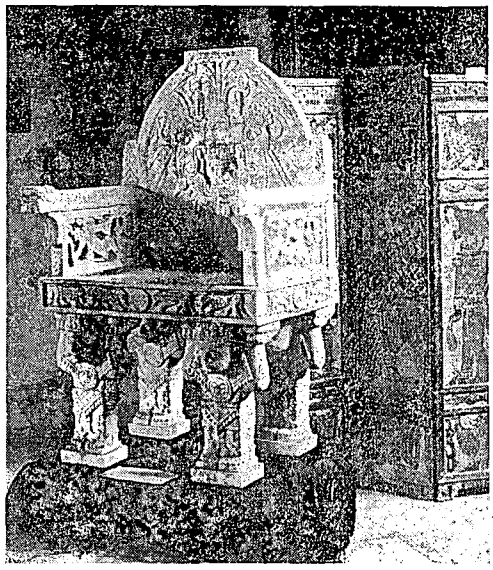
tematic attention to the development of the experimental land cultivation as it is now giving to the measuring and distribution of the common lands. All of this is giving the Indian economic independence and greater self reliance.

The power that has made the distribution of the land possible in Yucatan is the *Liga de Resistencia,* an organization that reaches into every Indian village and town, into every hamlet and *hacienda.* It is this organization that has garnered the fruits of the revolution and saved them for the Indians. There are now some eighty thousand members. That means that almost every able-bodied Yucatecan is a member of the *Liga.* It is more than a political party; it is more than a social organization; it is more than an educational institution; it is more than an instrument for government. It is all of these combined. It is the instrument that is rejuvenating the Maya Indian and giving him the power to carry out a far-reaching social program. Many of the towns have *Ligas de Feministas* as well as organizations of men.

The *Ligas* are Yucatan. Without them we could not do any of the things we are doing for the Indian and the Indian would lack an instrument of education and self-development. Because that it what the *Liga* is—an instrument of spiritual growth.

Each *Liga* has a meeting every week. The meeting in the *Liga Central* is on Monday evenings—known as Red Mondays; in the smaller *Ligas* it is usually on Saturday or Sunday. At those meetings there are well organized programs, supervised by the *Liga Central* through its educational director and usually include a lecture or two on some educational subject, some recitations of poetry, some musical selections, songs and, not infrequently, dances and drama. The programs are varied from week to week and are serious at one time and given over to mere joy at another. At each one of the meetings the local business is transacted and that includes practically everything of significance in the lives of the members—for the *Liga* does almost everything that needs doing. It looks after education; it has night schools for the adults and keeps a watchful eye on the local educational system; it discusses the economic problems of the Indians; it is interested in the land distribution; it organizes baseball teams and athletic contests. It is the means of social, economic and political life of the little community, and is more vitally a spiritual institution than the church ever was.

Every little *Liga* has a baseball team where the middle-aged Indians play baseball; we are planning to add baseball and boxing to the school curriculum, and we are encouraging such other games as tennis and wrestling. These new activities have nearly killed the old Spanish bull-fighting. Each *Liga* has a band or orchestra—that is compulsory—for our people are far too sad and must learn to sing and dance, not only their own beautiful songs, but other and more sprightly dances and freer tunes. They have been slaves so long that they have forgotten how to play—slaves do not play; and people who play are not slaves.



The new Maya art

The *Ligas* build schools and beautify their towns; they carry on a propaganda against drunkenness, and some towns have forbidden the establishment of any *cantinas* (saloons). In time of a political campaign, together with the women's organizations, they determine both the nomination and the election of a candidate. In each election district they hold a nominating convention, composed of delegates from each *Liga* in the district and nominate the candidate for office. The nomination is equivalent to an election because the *Ligas* control the state.

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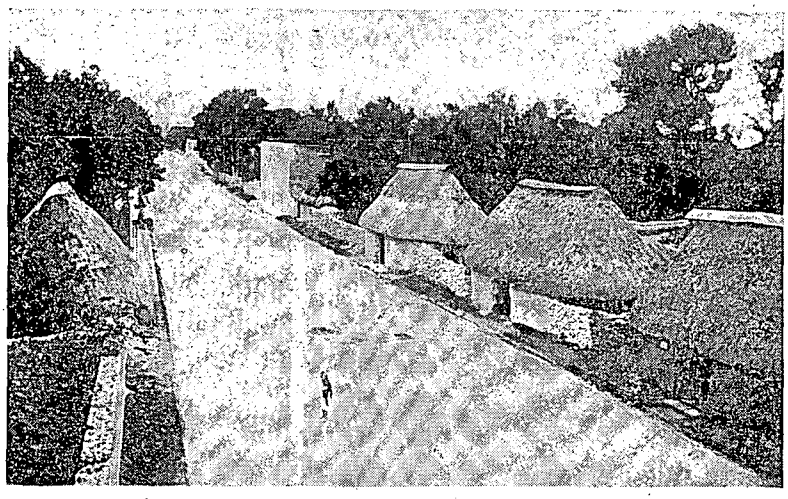
The present administration has stressed two things: the distribution of the land, and the building of roads in the state — we have built eighty kilometers in the last nineteen months. We are also teaching the Maya language in the schools, and are emphasizing the richness and the glory of the older Maya civilization. Our first roads were built to the Maya ruins, for they are a monument to our past and a promise to our future. The Indian who was a slave before is now proud of his language and proud of his traditions; he is free to live on his own land, and capable of deciding his own destinies through his *Liga*.



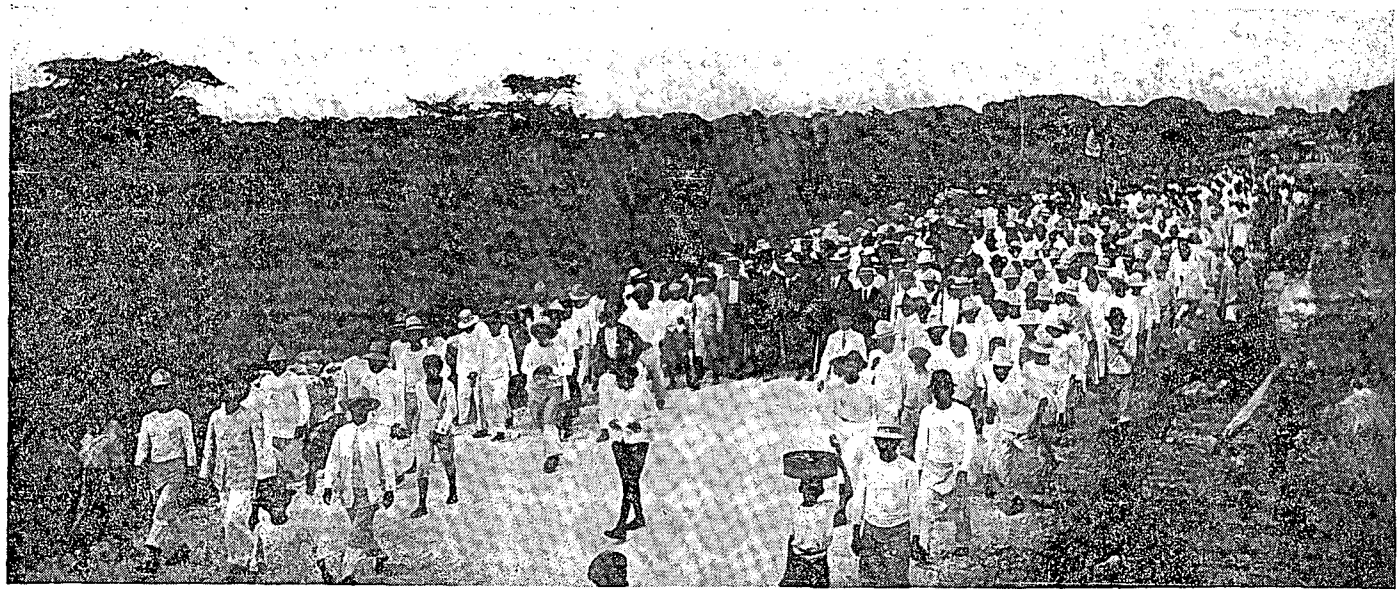
New roads built by Felipe Carrillo

The *Ligas* will make possible the diversification of agriculture in Yucatan. We must raise not only our own food, but we must add other crops to our exports—already we are studying the possibilities of cotton and tobacco.

We have started an agricultural school, an experimental school for children where the most modern methods of pedagogy are tried out, and if they work we will spread them out to the rest of the schools.

With their own communal lands, with good roads, with schools in every hamlet, with a self-sustaining diversity of farm products, with a social organization in each village that will serve the spiritual and social needs in the country, with the cultivation of more than one crop of export, with cooperative consumers' and producers' organizations—for when the large *haciendas* are deprived of slave labor they will ultimately find it impossible to carry on except on a cooperative basis—with a cultivation of the handicrafts, the native music and dances, with a deliberate introduction of every scientific improvement that we can into our lives, we will in a single generation have a new Yucatan. We will have a Yucatan that will preserve all that is rich, beautiful and useful in the traditions of the Mayas and at the same time one that will have absorbed all that can be used of the new and the modern in science. We will cherish our soil, harbor our group life, grow and develop into a free and strong people that will prove an example to the rest of Mexico and even to the world. All of this we can do and more because of the characteristics of our people. The future of Yucatan belongs to the Maya.

Frank Tannenbaum (right) with Felipe Carrillo in Yucatan



There were crowds wherever Felipe went

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Aztec calendar of the sun

The New Conquest

By MANUEL GAMIO

NOWHERE in the world, perhaps, do we find such lack of social balance as in the so-called Latin American republics. The lanes which range from the southern part of the United States through Argentina and Chile and which incidentally are probably the richest parts of the world both for their dimensions and for the variety and profusion of their products contain the greatest problems of social inequality. One would naturally assume that such a rich background would easily lead to collective prosperity. That is not the case. Except for the fifteen millions of white people, at most, who live modern lives, and who crave the riches these lands contain, the great majority, the eighty millions of natives, live primitively and ignorantly, ignorant even of the potentialities of their native heritage. This unhappy situation has come about largely because the civilized minority and the mass of natives have neither understood each other, nor been able to work together for common ends. Besides representing different racial strands, they have been sharply antagonistic in their economic situation, traditions, customs, tendencies and ambitions.

The struggle began with the coming of the white man. The conqueror instead of aiming at racial fusion, at a unity of interest and ideals, cheated the Indian of his material goods and tried to erase his nationality and civilization. The conqueror imposed himself with his mandates and laws. The Indian could not swallow at one gulp a new system of law, a new nationality, a new civilization. The Indian opposed the invaders with arms, and when subdued, continued his opposition passively—an opposition which has lasted four centuries and which even today hampers the development of the Latin American countries. Is Spanish America then condemned to eternal and futile strife? If the historical attitudes are continued, if this lack of appreciative understanding of the indigenous element persists, the breach will remain unhealed. However, if Latin America takes upon itself the task which has had its beginning in Mexico and carries forward a new program of social realignment between the races, the breach may be healed and a new, a true and triumphant conquest may yet be achieved.

THE Mexican government has entrusted the carrying out of this new conquest within its borders to the anthropological branch of the Department of Agriculture.

We began by trying to secure a realistic conception of our various grades of civilization. We studied both the backward native and the more advanced *mestizo,* or half-breed. Our early investigations showed that almost nothing was known about the biggest part of our population. Such

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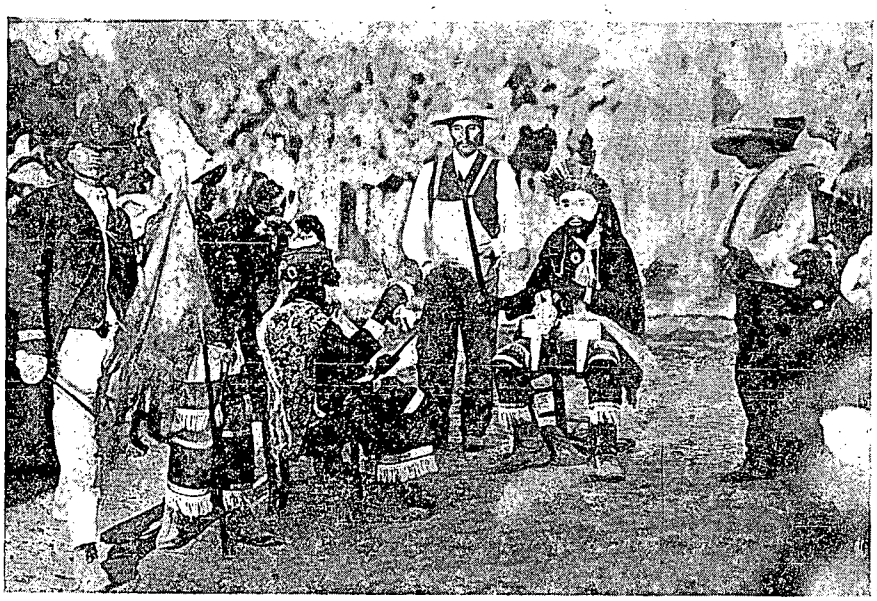

"Pilate" and "James" in the representation of the "Los Alchilos," one of the religious-pagan dances that grew up in the Valley of Teotihuacan from a fusion of the aboriginal ritual dances and the folk dances of old Spain

scientific data as we had referred almost exclusively to the small white minority. Nor did we have definite information of our geographical and anthropological characteristics as they bear upon our people—of the influence of climate, mineral, animal and vegetable factors in the development of our racial history.

We discovered that our varied and irregular territories lack the biological and climatic simplicity which in other countries has played so important a part in shaping a homogenous people. Ours is a regional nation, and these regions have contributed much to the differentiation of Mexican races. The Mexican people is a conglomeration of several native races, of half-breeds and whites, all too little known to each other and divergent in their innate characteristics, their geographical conditions, living in different climates, to which they have become accustomed, surrounded by different botanical and zoological species and using different cultural and linguistic backgrounds.

With these variations in mind, we outlined the following working policy for our study:

1. The gradual acquisition of all the knowledge possible concerning our racial characteristics, our material and intellectual culture, our language and dialects, our economic situation and the complete physical and biological background of the several territorial populations, both past and contemporary, in our republic.

2. Investigation of the methods best suited to carry out our work in a practical manner. This included a study of governmental agencies, (federal, local and municipal) and private agencies (scientific societies, philanthropic organizations, labor unions, the press, the church, lodges) to determine how best they could aid in the physical, intellectual, moral and economic development of these races.

3. The organization of systematic efforts towards racial understanding, towards a fusion of the different cultures, towards linguistic unification and economic equilibrium of the various groups. We are convinced that it is only in this way that we may hope to achieve a coherent national consciousness, a true patria.

Since it would have been impossible to undertake a simultaneous study of all the diverse races of the republic, we selected as the first areas of our work those regions inhabited by the principal races of the various groups. With this object in view, the following zones were chosen in which more typical regions will be definitely picked for investigation: Mexico, Hidalgo and Tlaxcala; Oaxaca and Guerrerro; Chihuahua and Coahuila; Lower California; Sonora and Sinaloa; Yucatan and Quintana Roo; Chiapas; Tabasco and Campeche; Veracruz and Tamaulipas; Querétaro and Guanajuato; Jalisco and Michoacán.

These zones typify the various physical, climatic and biological conditions of the country, and their inhabitants synthesize the historical, racial, cultural, economic and linguistic characteristics of all Mexico. To carry out this program in the first area selected, the valley of Teotihuacan, which lies in the state of Mexico, we have recruited a group equipped with the scientific technique and enthusiasm necessary for the task. Our first problem was to strip this group of students as far as possible of their preconceived notions and prejudices as civilized men and prepare them for the contact with the spirit, traditions and customs of the Teotihuacanos—a culture four centuries behind. They were advised to abandon their peculiar habits of thinking, feeling and modes of expression, and to adjust themselves both physically and spiritually to the backward life of the inhabitants. They were urged to mold themselves to the life of the people among whom they were to work. They were to learn to eat their food, their *tortillas* and *frijoles*, to drink their *pulque*, to discuss in a comradely fashion their ideals and ambitions, to accept without showing surprise their social organization, their diseases and their cures, their crops, their plantings and religious superstitions, and to make suggestions in the primitive ideology of Teotihuacan. In short, they were to acquire a native soul.

THE valley of Teotihuacan lies forty-five kilometers northeast of the City of Mexico and extends over 25,935 acres. In 1917 there were two railroad stations, one in the center of the valley and the other four kilometers away. There were practically no wagon or automobile roads. Mere lanes connected the little pueblos within the valley.

The climate is mild and favors development of normal life; the temperature rarely varying during the year from 15 degrees Fahrenheit. There are large springs of drinkable water; subterranean lakes, at depths varying from one to fourteen meters, permit of easy irrigation, and the San Juan river carries away the superfluous waters and keeps the region free from swamp formations. The mineral resources consist of excellent building materials, rocks, sands, clays, great deposits of vari-colored obsidian suitable for jewelry and ornamental objects, and deposits of very good clays for pottery, brick and tiles. Of natural vegetables there is a long list: *maguey* (Agave americano), the *nopal* (cactus), the *cardo*, the *pirú* and the *huizache*, besides many other plants having food and medicinal value. The cultivated vegetable products are varied and abundant for the lands are very fertile; among them are maize, wheat, potato, alfalfa, tunas, barley and various greens. Conditions are favorable

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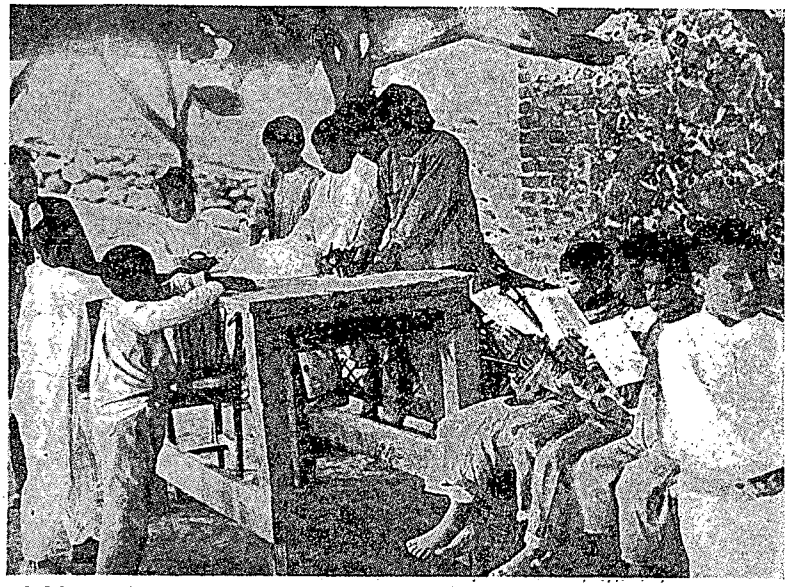
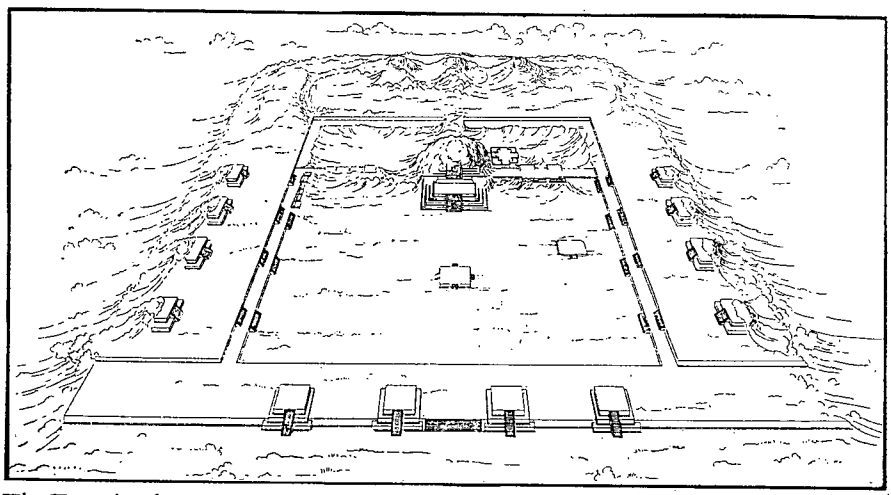
for the raising and breeding of cattle and domestic animals.

The valley of Teotihuacan boasts its own picturesque beauty. The lower plains form delightful contrasts with the surrounding mountains, skies are blue and limpid; the air transparent and earth a quilt of brilliant colors, sloping a gray or yellow surface to the violet of the nearby mountains. In short conditions are ideal for the development of a vigorous human life with all necessary cultural concomitants.



Children of the regional school making bread, an industry implanted in Teotihuacan by the Department of Anthropology

THE population of the valley at the time of this investigation, 1917-1919, consisted of 8,330 inhabitants, and if the land had been evenly divided each individual could have been given three acres. The products of these three acres (five pounds of cereal per day and various vegetables) together with the industrial products from the other materials listed should amply suffice for the needs of the people. The land, however, is unevenly divided: 7,907 persons have neither land nor work; 406 proprietors possess together 2,594 acres of the poorest and driest land in the valley—one tenth of the available area. And seven large proprietors, who live in Mexico City, own the other nine-tenths, or 23,341 acres of the best irrigated and richest land. The result is that the large *hacendados* take the products from the lands in the valley and sell them in the capital,



The Temple of Quetzalcoatl, popularly known as The Citadel, consists of a spacious quadrangular plaza formed by platforms measuring four hundred meters on each side and raised several meters above the ground. Restored as above, it is undoubtedly the most interesting ruin in this ancient city

leaving the resident population to live on the fruits of the one-tenth in the hands of the small proprietors, an amount entirely insufficient for proper nourishment. Consequently, large numbers of the inhabitants are compelled to emigrate and find work on the big *haciendas* of the seven proprietors where they earn fifty to seventy-five *centavos* per day (two *centavos* make one cent). Many of the workers die of starvation or disease caused by undernourishment. In colonial times the situation was much better. The inhabitants still owned a part of the land, but this was appropriated during the nineteenth century. Before the conquest, the distribution of the land and its product was equal among the inhabitants and suited the social organization.

The official data existing up to 1917 described the valley as inhabited by whites. If the sociologists had accepted this classification their actions would have been adapted to the characteristics and necessities of the white and civilized population, when in fact the large mass of the people is indigenous, backward, and possessed of a spirit entirely different from that of the whites. A new census showed that the Indians numbered 5,657; the *mestizos*, 2,137; the whites 536.

As compared with other races, the inhabitants were in a pronounced state of physical degenration due to undernourishment, overwork and bad housing. There was no vaccination, very little bathing and a general lack of cleanliness. The infant mortality reached as high as 56 per cent with no medical service available; the people depending upon the native herb doctors, or the so-called "medicine men" for a cure for all their ailments.

They had no conception of integral education, believing that reading and writing and arithmetic were enough for all their needs. Illiteracy amounted to 66 per cent —a highly satisfactory rate for a rural region of Mexico; but the literates in the neighborhood lived in the same backward state, the same misery and ignorance as the unschooled. Their poverty was such that they could not afford to buy newspapers or books after paying for their food and clothing. Hygienic, industrial, esthetic, political or physiological education was as entirely unknown as it had been in colonial or pre-Hispanic times.

LOOKED at historically, the conquerors do not seem to have benefited the natives in any great degree by supplanting the animist or polytheist religion of the Aztecs. While their primitive religion was cruel and bloody, yet it seems to have been relatively satisfactory. It was comprehensible to the Teotihuacanos and was suited to their moral needs. They had created it. They had created it directly out of their social and cosmic existence, climate, composition of the earth, volcanic conditions, hostility or friendliness of the regional vegetable and animal kingdom, necessities of

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war and conquest, and in explanation of the organic death of the individual.

The Roman Catholic Church of the Sixteenth Century—an exotic religion, and an agglomeration of the Hindustanic, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Roman ideas could never fit the needs of a native American originating as it did from founts far different from those of the new Western world. And in spite of the threat of death or hell, or promises of heavenly ecstasy, the people clung to their old gods and the priests were compelled to adjust their religion to the historical and psychological conditions of their indigenous dependents—the conquered ones. The old gods of war, of harvest, of the rains were supplanted by the saints, who possessed the same qualities. Santiago, St. Francis, St. Isadore reigned in the new *teocallis* in the place of Huitzilopochtli Tlaloc, Teozintle. The abstract concepts of Catholicism were never explained, but were thrust aside with an insignificant objective representation. God, the Father, was a venerable old man. The Holy Ghost was a beautiful dove. Hell, a horrible oven within which burned all those who did not obey the priests. The old dances were Catholicized, were adapted to the needs of the new church, just as were the Indian songs and the other pagan ceremonies.

Just what moral benefits did the Indians receive from their acceptance of this hybrid religion? The convert lost his land at the hands of the monastery and he himself was put to building churches and other religious edifices. For these services he was rewarded with such cruelty that Archbishop Montúfar himself complained to the King of Spain of the misery in which the clergy held the Indian slaves.

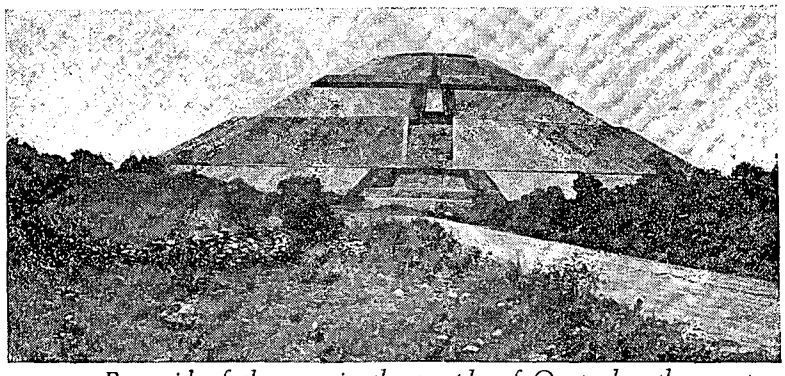
The nineteenth century found Mexico independent of Spain, but the clerical atrocities continued with more or less intensity up to 1917. Three chief causes for complaint were found against the clergy of Teotihuacan:

1. The persistent commercial spirit which characterized their charges for services in marriage, baptismal and burial ceremonies and for special holidays on the days of the saints; the tithes which they levied without taking into account the poverty of their contributors.

2. Their failure, in return for their material support, to provide for the sick and the needy, and for the education of the people, many of whom had no claim on any other organization.

The immoral effect of this religion among the natives outbalanced the little good the few worthy men among the clergy have accomplished.

BEFORE the Conquest, the inhabitants of Teotihuacan had reached a high state of civilization considering the parallel cultures of their time. Their architecture, their sculpture, their painting, their pottery, their apparel, their industrial implements and their rituals—all these were not only equal, but far beyond those of the other peoples in the same historical epoch. Their culture reached its climax in the gigantic, archaeological city of Teotihuacan, measuring from six to eight kilometers in length; with its marvelous bas-relief in the temple of Quetzalcoatl, the god of the air; with its mural frescoes, its carvings, its artistically curved vases; with its exquisite jade and obsidian jewels, and its weavings and mosaics of feathers; with its agricultural utensils so adapted to their mediums that they are still actually in use; with its fantastic and beautiful mythology, the symbolism and mysticism of whose concepts gave origin to the famous codices or Aztec books.



Pyramid of the sun in the temple of Quetzalcoatl

This civilization, which had begun to disintegrate at the hands of the migratory tribes from the north, broke completely at the coming of the Spaniard. He, with the egotism of the conqueror, believed that his civilization was the only one and the best one, and forced his ideas on the Indian, destroying whatever culture he may have found.

THE native accepted from his masters the steel instruments, the hat and trousers, certain domesticated animals, and a very few ideas. The rest of the new culture he disregarded, keeping himself and his existence as native as before the coming of the white men. The two contradictory civilizations could not flourish side by side, and neither of the two could dominate. So the European culture established itself superficially and the native civilization remained under it, passive, disintegrating, and stagnating all during the colonial epoch and through the nineteenth century. By 1917, the glorious architectural knowledge which had been handed down from the ancient builders of the famous City of the Pyramids had entirely disappeared. From four to five hundred persons lived and still live in natural caves, while most of the other inhabitants have as their residences tiny huts of cactus leaves, or adobe, or of the volcanic rock which abounds in that region. The dwellings lacked not only comfort and hygiene, but by their appearance violated artistic life. There were no traces of the former art industries except the making of a certain coarse pottery incomparably inferior to that which the tradition of the people might have led us to expect. In the ruins of the temples we found beautiful relics, traces of an obliterated civilization, but among the people we found cheap and inartistic objects, standardized products of the factories of an alien civilization.

In their intellectual life, the people of the Valley, particularly the indigenous element, have a world of their own, apart and aloof from the modern spirit. Their conceptions of natural phenomena and of the deities, their ethical and esthetic ideas and their interpretations of these ideas into social institutions—none of these were formed on any sort of recognizable scientific basis. Their sicknesses are cured by *curanderos,* herb doctors who use plants to which they ascribe magic power, or by witch men who practice exorcism and magic ceremonies. The scarcity of rain, hail, frost and other physical phenomena are fought with this kind of ceremony mixed with the practices of a rudimentary Catholicism. The laws are interpreted by similar means.

(*Continued on page* 192)

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Painting by Winold Reiss

Brothers-in-arms at Zapata's headquarters, Cuernavaca

Bandit Colonies

By ROBERTO HABERMAN

MEXICO is a romantic country. There are bandits in Mexico—real bandits, as well as unreal ones. At least, so Americans have always loved to believe, and it is a belief not entirely groundless. One of the reasons why Mexico has always had bandits is because it is so easy to be a bandit there. It is a comparatively safe method of making a living, and there isn't much work attached to it. This is not as funny as it sounds. It is one of Mexico's tragedies—this ease with which one can take to the hills or hide in the *barrancas* and carry on almost alone against great odds. And in Mexico to be a bandit is not entirely a matter of disrepute. One can almost be a respectable bandit. The line between the bandit and the revolutionist has been so hard to draw, the revolutionists have been so many and the bandits so few, and the things they did seemed so much alike to the outsider that it was very easy to confuse the two and describe the revolutionist as a bandit—and let it go at that.

And so, Mexico has been called the country of bandits, when in reality it has been the country of revolutionists. The difference is fundamental, because you can pacify revolutionists. There is an end to revolution; whereas banditry grows with what it feeds on.

This discovery that the Mexican bandits are really revolutionists was made by Obregon. He discovered that there were definite objectives, or rather he proved that there were definite objectives, which once realized put an end to banditry—that is, to revolution. It cannot be overemphasized that many of the people we have believed bandits were genuine, if crude, dreamers of a social Utopia achievable by violence; and the ends were simple enough —land, water, schools. That is not much for a bandit to demand, but it is a great deal for a revolutionist to fight for. The possession thereof would mean Utopia. It would mean an end of banditry, and the beginning of peace,

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good-natured, quiet peace, with native melody and cheerful evenings, with sufficiency (sufficiency requires so little in Mexico) and time to carve and paint the world about in variegated colors and innumerable forms.

There were fifty thousand bandits so-called, bandits more or less, when Obregon came into power. They were a powerful lot—powerful because they were unsuppressable. It was not so much that you couldn't beat them in battle, but you couldn't catch them, so as to battle with them. They always knew the country better than you did. They were also and always more or less "in" with the natives in their localities, and it was hard to tell the difference between a bandit and a peon. A bandit had only to hide his gun and wrap himself in a *sarape* to look like any peon in the neighborhood. And they were a fearless and cunning lot to boot.

During the worst days of the Zapatista rebellion when Carranza was spending millions of dollars and using thousands of men to destroy the Zapatistas, they used to come into Mexico City as peons to sell their little trinkets and purchase cartridges and ammunition to carry back, while their women made the federal soldiers drunk and stole their guns. And it isn't easy to outwit a people that, more or less, have so many wits.

The bandits had set the Mexican government by its ears and had done it for eleven years. There was Zapata in the south, and you couldn't catch Zapata. During the worst days of the revolution with a price of fifty thousand pesos on his head, he captured a foreigner and held him for ransom. A consul who had known Zapata in his younger days got permission to visit him and asked him to release his prisoner. Zapata demanded ten thousand pesos. Zapata was not a bandit; he was a revolutionist. But he needed money. He had no powers of taxation. That was one way of getting it.

The consul said that he didn't have the money, but would be glad to get it for him; and as Zapata knew him to be a man of his word, he said, "All right. I'll trust you for the money. I'll send somebody in in a few days to get it." And in a few days someone knocked at the consul's door, and in walked Zapata himself dressed as a peon—a price of fifty thousand pesos on his head. He had a drink to the good health of the prisoner, exchanged some funny stories with his host, collected his ransom, and disappeared into the night from which he had come.

You see it is hard to tell who is a bandit and who isn't. Now there were fifty thousand like him in Mexico. They were not all as great men as Zapata was, because Zapata was one of the great men of Mexico. So far as fundamental influence on the character of the movement is concerned, he was the great agrarian leader of the Mexican revolution.

His life reads like a romance. A peon who rose in rebellion and exasperation; who learned how to read after he became a general; who controlled the destinies of five states; who was ultimately murdered, treacherously, by a Carranza general; who armed soldiers by taking the guns away from his enemies—for he had no arms when he started; who for eleven years made excursions two miles outside of Mexico City unsafe; who built schools and distributed lands; who awakened so great a love among his people that the day of his death has become a national holiday in the district he controlled. Thousands of Indians gather every year to worship at his grave. Zapata was one of the bandits—that is, he was one of the great revolutionists, the great prophets of Mexico. So much depends on the point of view.

The day he was murdered, and the news of it reached Cuernavaca, a barefooted peon scratched with his penknife in crude letters on one of the posts of the Boarda Garden, the old Maximillian palace, the following: "Rebels of the South, it is more honorable to die on your feet than to live on your knees." Zapata was one of the bandits, as you see.

Zapata became a great reader in his day. His teacher was Soto y Gama, an eloquent lawyer who took to the mountains with Zapata, because Zapata represented the agrarian dream of Mexico, and as they wandered over the hills and through the valleys and sat around the campfire at night, Soto y Gama taught Zapata how to read. Soto y Gama had only two books. He carried the Bible in one pocket and a copy of Karl Marx' "Capital" in the other. These were Zapata's primers.

The fifty thousand bandits in Mexico were not all like Zapata, of course. But they were Zapatistas or Villistas or Cedillistas. The name doesn't matter much. There were many names. Their purpose was more or less the same purpose. And there were fifty thousand of them. Most of them were officers, too. Simply enough, whenever a peon rose in rebellion in his own district he named himself general, and his friends became colonels, and the colonels' friends became captains, and the captains' friends became lieutenants. If you are going to be a revolutionist or a bandit, there must be some glamor and dignity to it, and anyway it was one way of feeling authoritative.

The bandits were a real problem. A problem that none of the governments since the days of Diaz had solved. They had helped to destroy all the governments since the days of Diaz. And Mexico had no peace. There was blood and strife and bayonets and savagery all over the land. The very air was tinged with passion.

Yet Obregon achieved peace within five months after he came into power. The roads were safe for the traveler; railroads that had not run in ten years puffed over the mountains again, and the bandits disappeared as if some magic wand had put them all to sleep. The story is so simple that it seems undramatic. Obregon announced that the revolution was over. That was all. But he made good in the announcement. And when the revolution is over revolutionists have nothing to fight for. It is this way:

Obregon sent Samuel O. Yudico to call upon General Saturnino Cedilla. "Tell him that the revolution is over and ask him what he wants." Cedilla said, "I want land. I want ammunition so that I can protect my land after I get it in case somebody tries to take it away from me. And I want plows, and I want schools for my children, and I want teachers, and I want books and pencils and blackboards and roads. And I want moving pictures for my people, too. And I don't want any church or any saloon. That's all."

Well, the revolution was over. So they shipped him agricultural implements. And his people were settled in ten different colonies, all connected by roads and telephone lines; schools were built, and Cedilla, the oldest and only remaining of four brothers, Cedilla, who had kept the railroad between San Luis Potosí and Tampico interrupted for six years, who was never conquered and who was a terror to all that neghborhood, (*Continued on page* 196)

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The Agrarian Problem

By RAMÓN P. DE NEGRÍ

LATAFUNDIA has been the curse of Mexico. One cannot understand Mexico, its history, its strife, its revolutions, its cultural status, its international problems, its illiteracy, unless one understands that large scale land holding is the base of all Mexican social organization. Mexico is still struggling to destroy feudalism, a struggle that the rest of the western world settled long ago. It is still fighting the battles that common men have fought everywhere against the land barons and their dominance.

For four hundred years less than ten thousand families have owned Mexico. I do not mean merely controlled, influenced, directed, dominated. I mean physically owned and disposed of as a personal heritage. This is not only the statement of one who is trying to readjust the problem to the needs of the common people, but it represents the concensus of opinion of all genuine students of the situation, both foreign and native. Humboldt said, "Mexico is the country of inequality. Nowhere does there exist such a fearful difference in the distribution of fortune, civilization, cultivation of the soil and population." It was more than slavery. It was a situation where one man owned not an estate, but a state, a kingdom almost.

This background one must see, if one is to appreciate both the character of the problem and the inevitable bitterness of the process of its solution.

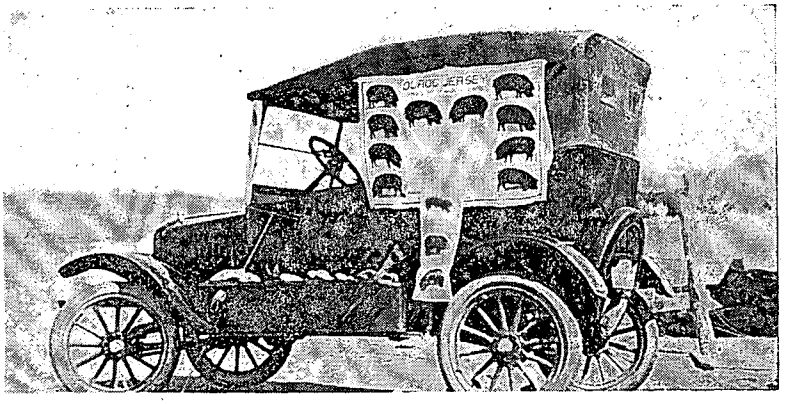
When the Spaniard came and settled in Mexico, he came as a conqueror into a populated country. A system of *encomiendas* was developed by which he took the land of the conquered people and the people to work the land he had taken. Cortez, for instance, claimed for himself some twenty-five thousand square miles including twenty-two towns with all the lands that these towns owned and all the people that lived in them—something over one hundred and fifteen thousand men, women and children. With this possession went all the prerogatives of sovereignty, control over life and liberty and fortune; and this estate of Cortez, like most of the other large estates of Mexico, was entailed and persisted as a unit up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. In fact, the records show that before disentailment was imposed this particular estate had 15 villas, 157 pueblas, 89 *haciendas*, 119 *ranchos*, 5 *estancias* and contained 150,000 people—all of this the personal possession of the descendants of Cortez.

Nor was this the only large *encomienda*. Pedro de Alvarado received the district of Xochimilco with some thirty thousand inhabitants. One of the favorites of the Spanish king was given what is now the entire state of Guanajuato. As early as 1572 there were 507 *encomiendas*. In addition, other large estates developed through one form or another. The result was that most of the free communal land holdings of the days before the conquest disappeared. A small number of Spaniards owned practically all of inhabited Mexico as their private possession.

The Spanish kings at different times tried to destroy, to limit, to undermine the large estates of Mexico, but every attempt met with resistance, and many a law and decree of the king was marked by the viceroy, "Obeyed, but not executed." So it went on until the War for Independence.

Then the large *hacendados*, who had defeated the Spanish kings, defeated the objects of the War for Independence. The war was not against Spain, it was against *gachupín* (Spanish influence). Hidalgo and Morelos, the leaders of the revolution, and their Indian followers fought against the *hacendados*. Iturbide, the first emperor of Mexico, however, was himself a *hacendado* and his first act was to give legal assurance that there would be no change in the land system of Mexico. The peon remained a peon. Nominally the Indian became free, but actually, through the instrument of advanced loans he remained a slave, because he could never leave the estate until he paid his indebtedness, and he could never pay his indebtedness, which was passed on from generation to generation, and assured permanent legal control of his destinies.

In partnership with the *hacendados* was the church as a land owning corporation. It is estimated, in spite of the original laws of the kings of Spain, which prohibited ecclesiastic corporations from owning real property, that by the middle of the nineteenth century the church had come into possession, by inheritance and gift, of one-half of the landed properties of Mexico. The attempt to convert the church properties by sale and payment into privately owned properties was resisted by the church and by the large land-owners. The Three Years War was a land war. The liberals, the disinherited, the Indians fought under Juarez; the *hacendados*, the clericals fought for the church, and when defeated, the land-owners and the church combined to bring Maximilian to Mexico. The liberals won eventually, but with the coming of Diaz, the *hacendados* regained their influence and land distribution was even more unequal at the end of Diaz' regime than at any time before.



Outfit of a regional agronomist sent out by the Department of Agriculture

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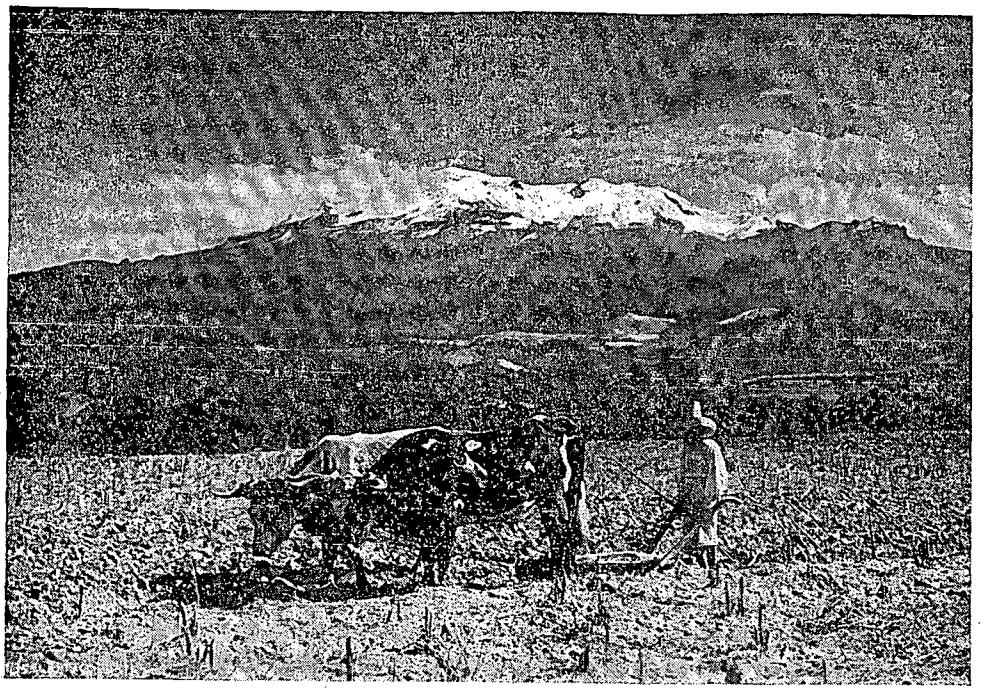

Yesterday and Today

This situation had been aggravated by the liberals themselves who, in their anxiety to strip the church of its immense holdings and to subdivide these, wrote their laws, in the constitution of 1857, in such general terms as to include in these divisions the remaining communal lands, or *ejidos,* which the Indians had until now been able to retain. The new law provided for individual land holding, but the habits of group ownership were so deeply ingrained, knowledge of legal forms so limited, and the meaning of private ownership so far outside the experience of the poor Indian that it brought about fraudulent sales and surrender of legal title to the large land-owners. The last remaining *ejidos,* which had persisted as a common heritage with some of the Indian Pueblos, were destroyed and absorbed into the large estates.

The Diaz regime thus represents the culmination of large land holding in Mexico. A law of December 15, 1883, passed by the government for the purpose of surveying the remaining national lands, provided that one-third of all the lands discovered should go to the surveying company. As this was the time when railroads were being built in Mexico and industries being developed, land values were rising and a flood of foreign speculators availed themselves of this upward tendency and accumulated enormous estates. Under this law, sixteen million *hectares** were given away and practically all held for speculation. Some ten years later a law was passed for the purpose of colonizing the discovered national lands; but this colonization law demanded no colonization of the prospective colonizers and placed no limit upon their holdings. And some 25,000,000 acres of land were given away. In many cases the land belonged to Indian pueblos who often had no legal title to it; because in all the generations they and their fathers had tilled the land they had never learned the need of a legal title. Their fathers' bones mouldered in the graves outside the pueblo. That was title enough in the eye of the unlettered Indian. The Indians were frequently driven off by force, as was the case of the Yaquis in Sonora, when their fertile lands were given away to strangers; and the public lands were still further depleted and alienated, mainly to foreign speculators.

As an illustration of what was done in the Diaz regime, it is interesting to remember that in Chihuahua some 14,000,000 hectares were given away to seven companies. In Coahuila, Nuevo León and Tamaulipas some 5,000,000 hectares were given to a single concern. In Durango 2,000,000 hectares to two people. In Oaxaca four concessionaires were presented with 3,200,000 hectares. Practically all of Lower California was given to foreigners. And so, one could go on enumerating in much greater detail.

The land system established by the Spaniards had persisted through four hundred years. Under the Diaz regime the original large estates were made more secure; they recovered from the shock of the Juarez revolution; and to the native large landowners were added foreigners, who were given what was left of the national lands to form new large estates. The old system was continued to the advantage of new beneficiaries. The foreign *hacendado* was now brought in to support the native *hacendado* for their mutual benefit.

Probably the best picture of the situation as it was at the end of the Diaz regime is given in the statistical table compiled by George McCutchen McBride in his careful and conservative study of the land systems of Mexico which was published by the American Geographical Society, Research Series No. 12.

GENERAL STATISTICS OF LANDHOLDINGS IN 1910

State	Rural population	Per cent of total	Percentage of heads of families who own individual property	Percentage of heads of families who hold no individual property
Aguascalientes	70,507	58.5	03.6	96.4
Baja California	46,736	89.4	11.8	88.2
Campeche	63,351	73.1	02.3	97.7
Coahuila	239,736	66.2	02.3	97.7
Colima	52,556	67.6	03.1	96.9
Chiapas	361,246	82.3	04.0	96.0
Chihuahua	315,329	77.7	04.5	95.5
Durango	407,577	84.4	03.2	96.8
Guanajuato	776,443	71.7	02.9	97.1
Guerrero	545,183	91.7	01.5	98.5
Hidalgo	590,796	91.4	01.3	98.7
Jalisco	932,235	77.1	03.8	96.2
Mexico	831,347	84.0	00.5	99.5
Michoacán	828,947	83.6	02.7	97.3
Morelos	139,467	77.7	00.5	99.5
Nuevo León	263,603	72.2	05.4	94.6
Oaxaca	901,442	86.7	00.2	99.8
Puebla	896,618	81.4	00.7	99.3
Querétaro	200,211	81.8	01.6	98.4
Quintana Roo	9,109	100.0	01.4	98.6
San Luis Potosí	488,894	77.9	01.8	98.2
Sinaloa	278,423	86.0	05.3	94.7
Sonora	219,563	82.7	04.2	95.8
Tabasco	175,247	93.4	04.8	95.2
Tamaulipas	198,770	79.6	07.7	92.3
Tepic (Nayarit)	139,273	81.4	06.0	94.0
Tlaxcala	157,110	85.3	00.7	99.3
Veracruz	887,369	78.3	01.1	98.9
Yucatan	249,061	73.3	03.6	96.4
Zacatecas	406,214	85.1	01.9	98.1

* A hectare is approximately 2½ acres.

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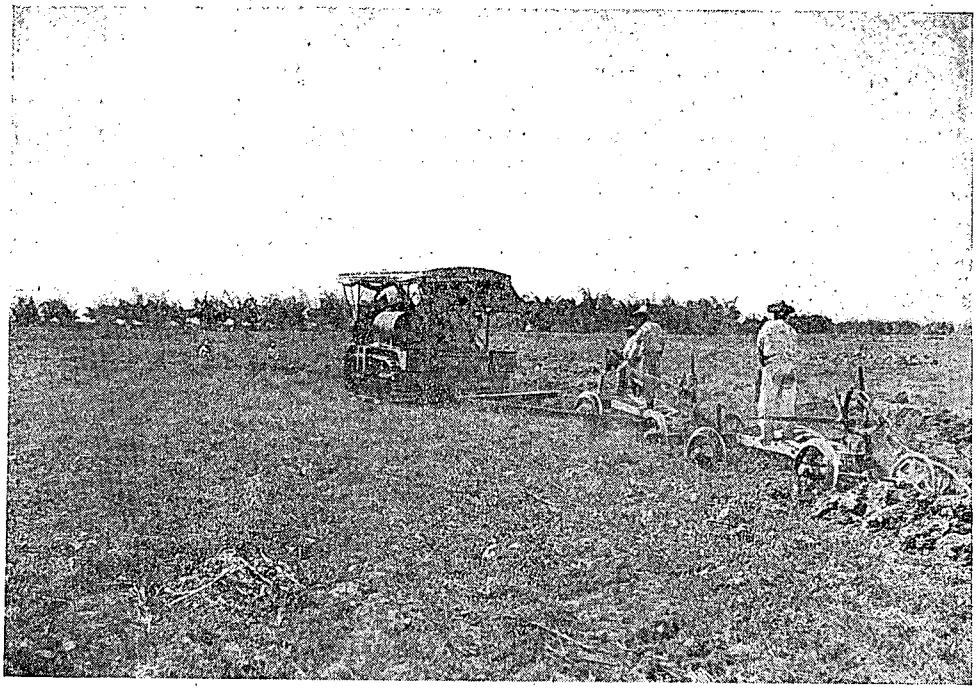
THE revolution of the last ten years has been a revolution against this system. The land program of Madero, Zapata's *Plan de Ayala* in 1911, article 27 of the Constitution of 1917, the various decrees of President Obregon and of the Department of Agriculture —all of these are concentrated about this problem. It must be solved. Mexico must be owned by the people of Mexico. Until that time there will never be peace or freedom or social justice or democracy or progress or education or anything else that is decent in social organization. If we cannot solve it, if we are not strong enough, or bold enough, or intelligent enough to undo the evil that has been done by the Mexicans, we will be swept aside and will deserve to be swept aside like a lot of chaff. And other hands, nobler and stronger, will carry on the task that lies to hand.



Today and Tomorrow

To understand the social meaning of this agrarian revolution, one must visualize the relationship that such a land system imposes upon a community. The small number of excessively rich landowning families generally lived in Mexico City or in foreign countries, rarely taking a personal interest in the management of their lands. All the owner demanded was a certain income. On rare occasions he occupied the large mansion on the *hacienda* for hunting or recreation. The management was in the hands of an ignorant subordinate whose main technique was to carry on the old system of agriculture by the use of physical violence, if necessary, upon the peons who worked the land. The peon had nothing and knew nothing. He was illiterate. He lived in squalor. He had no means or opportunities for growth. He was a land-driven slave. Moreover, these large land owners, the governing class of Mexico, were an inefficient governing class. They wasted the national patrimony. They did not introduce modern methods of agriculture, modern machinery, the use of manures, fertilizers, rotation of crops or agricultural education. But they took, and took, and took from man, beast and soil. The one-handle wooden plow brought over from Spain four hundred years ago is still the common instrument for plowing. They depleted the country of its forests and introduced no reforestration, diminishing rainfall as well as moisture. The fertility of the soil, even in the most fertile places has fallen in the last hundred years by at least one-third—and that is a conservative estimate.

In Morelos thirty-three people owned the entire state. They were the government of the state; they decided upon the taxation; they supported the church and the police. When the budget was made out for the needs of the state they adjusted it according to their own ideas. Feudalism at its worst reigned. It is this background that enflamed the bitterness of the people into revolution in Morelos and the rest of Mexico.

Social justice is a slow, painful process, but the pain in the long run is not all one-sided. A new Mexico is being built; and the redistribution of land is the foundation stone of this new Mexico. We are laying it with bleeding hands and in great stress, but we are laying it, and digging it so deep into the hearts of the nation that this work of the revolution will endure forever.

TO break this bondage we are reclaiming the national lands that were given away too eagerly; we are returning to the Indian villages their *ejidos* from which they were driven; we are passing laws which will compel the breakup of the large estates; we are establishing cooperatives and we are introducing agricultural education. From the point of view of education we are sending agricultural experts through the country to organize agricultural exhibitions, to teach new methods of farming; we are improving cattle; we are importing machinery, and selling it upon small, long payments to agricultural communities. In 1922 alone more than 100,000 children were given some training in farming subjects. We are also establishing in the *hacienda* of Chapingo, an agricultural college, which will provide for six year courses on the most advanced technical lines of agriculture, and we are dedicating this school to teach the youth of the nation how to exploit the land and not how to exploit man.

In the land distribution we are proceeding cautiously, but definitely. There are 15,000 villages to whom land must be granted. So far only about 3,000 have been given provisional possession of their lands. Villages from which the land has been taken away have been repossessed of 306,114 hectares, and other villages have received 1,675,285 hectares by grant. There are also already projected but not yet distributed 325,220 hectares by grant and 45,981 hectares by restitution.

These land distributions are carried on under the constitutional provision which provides that the national land as well as the illegally absorbed *ejidos* shall be made available to Indian villages. There is a National Agrarian Commission with branches in each state. Each pueblo, when it wants

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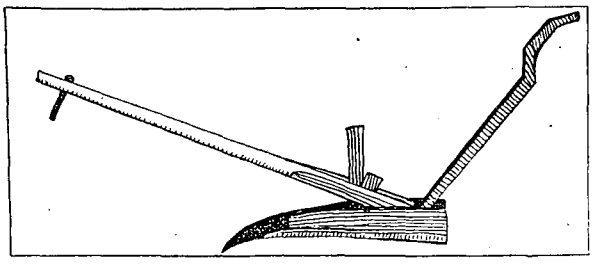
land, applies to its state commission, which investigates the demand of the village and refers its judgments to the national commission which makes the final decision.

In many cases the land given to the Indians follows the old grants to the Indian pueblos by the Spanish kings. When Zapata began distributing land in Morelos the Indian villages uncovered the old parchments, which they had guarded for generations, describing the lands belonging to the different villages. When demand for them was made by Zapata, the little Indian villages sent with each parchment three delegates, who sat on the floor and watched their precious possession while it was being transcribed into the records of the state. Where there are no previous *ejidos* to go by, new lands are measured off from the large estates according to the needs of the village. This does not mean a confiscation of the large estates; in many cases it means the taking of but a small fraction of the land. The *hacendados*, under the provision of the constitution, are given land bonds to mature in twenty years as compensation for the parcels of land taken from them. The value of the land is determined by the previous valuation placed upon it for tax purposes by the *hacendados* themselves, plus ten per cent.

The usual amount of land given to a village approximates the traditional league, about 4,387 acres, but the character of the land influences the size of the distribution. The individual holdings from the group allotment, which are distributed by the community for individual cultivation, vary from three to twenty-four hectares, according to fertility. This distribution of the *ejido* will partially solve the problem of breaking up large estates. To solve it entirely the constitutional provision for the breaking up and the sale of land that is excessive will ultimately have to be enforced.

When our agriculturists are organized into cooperative communities, the hour will strike in Mexico for the legendary land owner to retire off the national scene forever. To facilitate development of agriculture, the government has appropriated two million pesos for agricultural implements, which are being put at the disposal of the cooperatives; it has appropriated three million pesos for machinery for boring artesian wells to provide water for the communal lands. We have also provided free legal services for the communal land owners so that they may be protected from unfortunate experiences with people who know more about the law than they do. We are nationalizing all the waters, which heretofore have been appropriated and restricted by the large estates to their own use. We have created an office which, after the distribution of land and water, will provide the villages with seeds, as well as small sums of money.

In Chapingo there already exists a model cooperative village. It has its own store, stables, poultry yards, etc., of whose products the peons are the consumers. In this rare village there will be no saloons nor churches—institutions which in our country have been powerful tools in the hands of the landowners for degenerating our race.



One handle wooden plow of a type brought from Spain four hundred years ago, still used by small agriculturists

FROM THE CHARTER OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE ON THE LANDS OF THE HACIENDA OF CHAPINGO, NOVEMBER, 1923

WE are trying to form here a nucleus of people that believe in work, considering it as the sacred and only instrument for human cooperation. From here there will go forth men, free and sane, sons of the earth to which they owe all and for which they believe they have the rugged and silent devotion that only great things deserve. . . .

This school holds forth a human ideal of simple cooperation and gentle comradeship among those that work the land, without trying to push them toward the abyss of great agricultural exploitation which needs, to flower and to prosper, the suffering of enormous multitudes of hopeless wage slaves. What we want here is that the farmer be his own master, that he be a friend in his community, that he be the help and the basis of the peasant citizenry. . . .

I FIRMLY believe that after the problem of the *ejido* has been solved, we should proceed to the complete nationalization of the land. The land problem will never come to an end while mankind exists; I think that its solution can be approximated more and more by complete nationalization of the land, on a basis of lease in perpetuity, having as its fundamental statute the labor of man. The *ejidos* are a success in Mexico; the communal principle is forcing the disappearance of the egoism of individual property. It promotes work in common; it does not form of its components nuclei of exploiters, but on the contrary, loyal fighters, with legitimate ambitions on behalf of the collective effort. The rural training in the fields, the creation of small industries organized on a cooperative basis and their scientific propagation in the rural regions will completely change the actual organization of society, making men emigrate from the city to the country instead of from the country to the city. The common land grant is already a socio-economic triumph, because it frees the man of the fields and transforms him into a producer in his own interest and not in the interest of the owner.

In the coming years we shall work to dedicate at least 25 per cent of the government income to the development of the agricultural common land grant, obtaining modern agricultural machinery and establishing the small agricultural industry to its maximum; another 25 per cent for rural education, for practical and objective work.

We are guided by the most noble ends conceivable in benefit not only of our people but also for humanity, realizing them, without boasting, to constitute the legitimate spirit of well-being which man always dreams of and pursues. We aspire toward a lovelier life, noble and sane, pushing to one side antiquated laws that foment hunger, egoism and hate. The problem, then, is established, and the resolution defined. The only thing necessary is that our strong men continue their work with unbreakable decision and without vacillating, so that the earth may be returned to those that work it with their hands.

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Photographs by Nicolas Muray

Man from Tepozotlán

Mexican Types

By WINOLD REISS

Up and down a troubled land, in the autumn and winter of 1921 the painter made his tranquil pilgrimage, meeting friendliness and courtesy and faithfully recording not only the faces but the spirit of a people. Mr. Reiss presents to us two men of Tepozotlán and one from Tlaquepaque near Guadalajara; together with a glimpse of a market town

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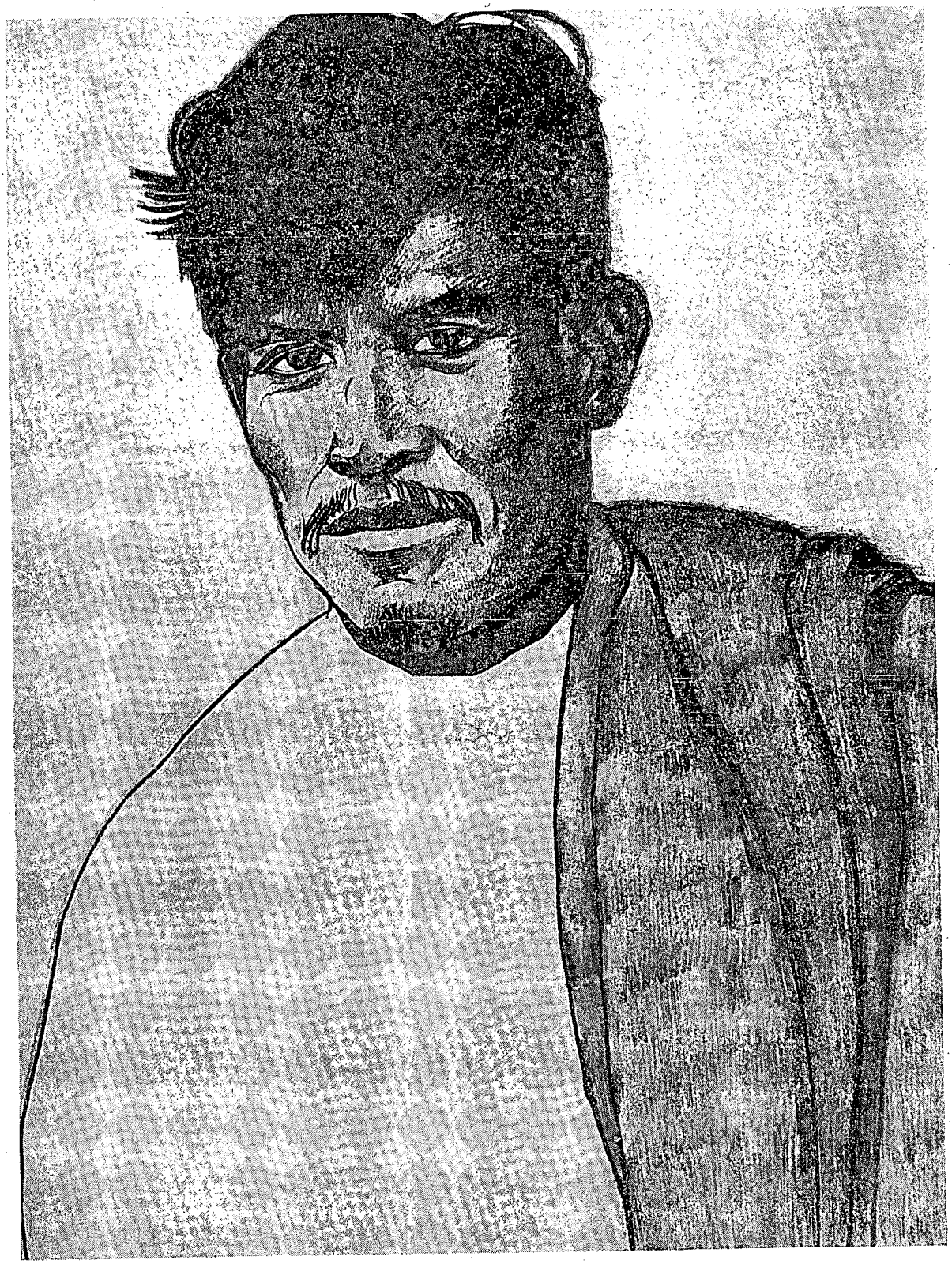

Native of Tlaquepaque

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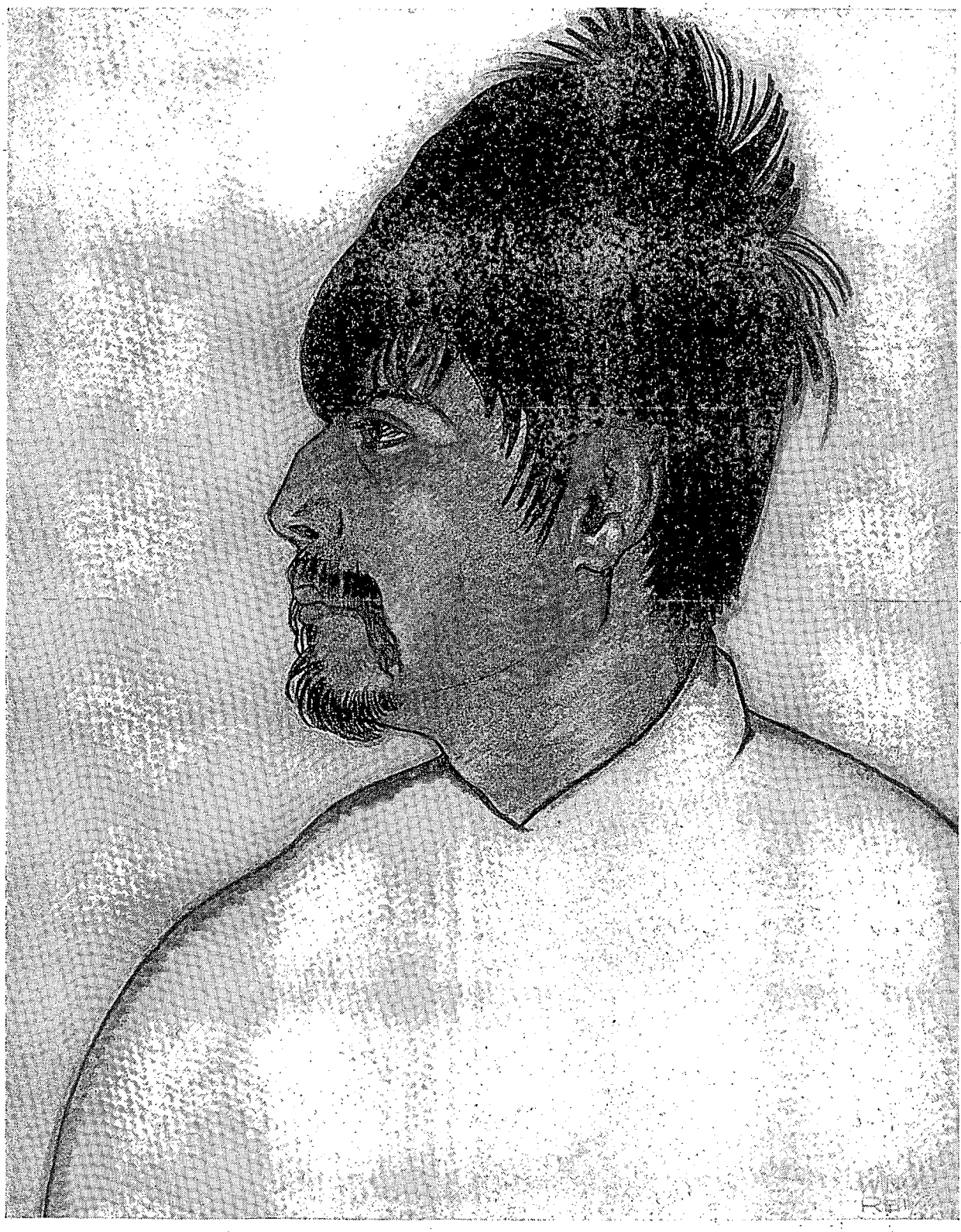

A pure Aztec type

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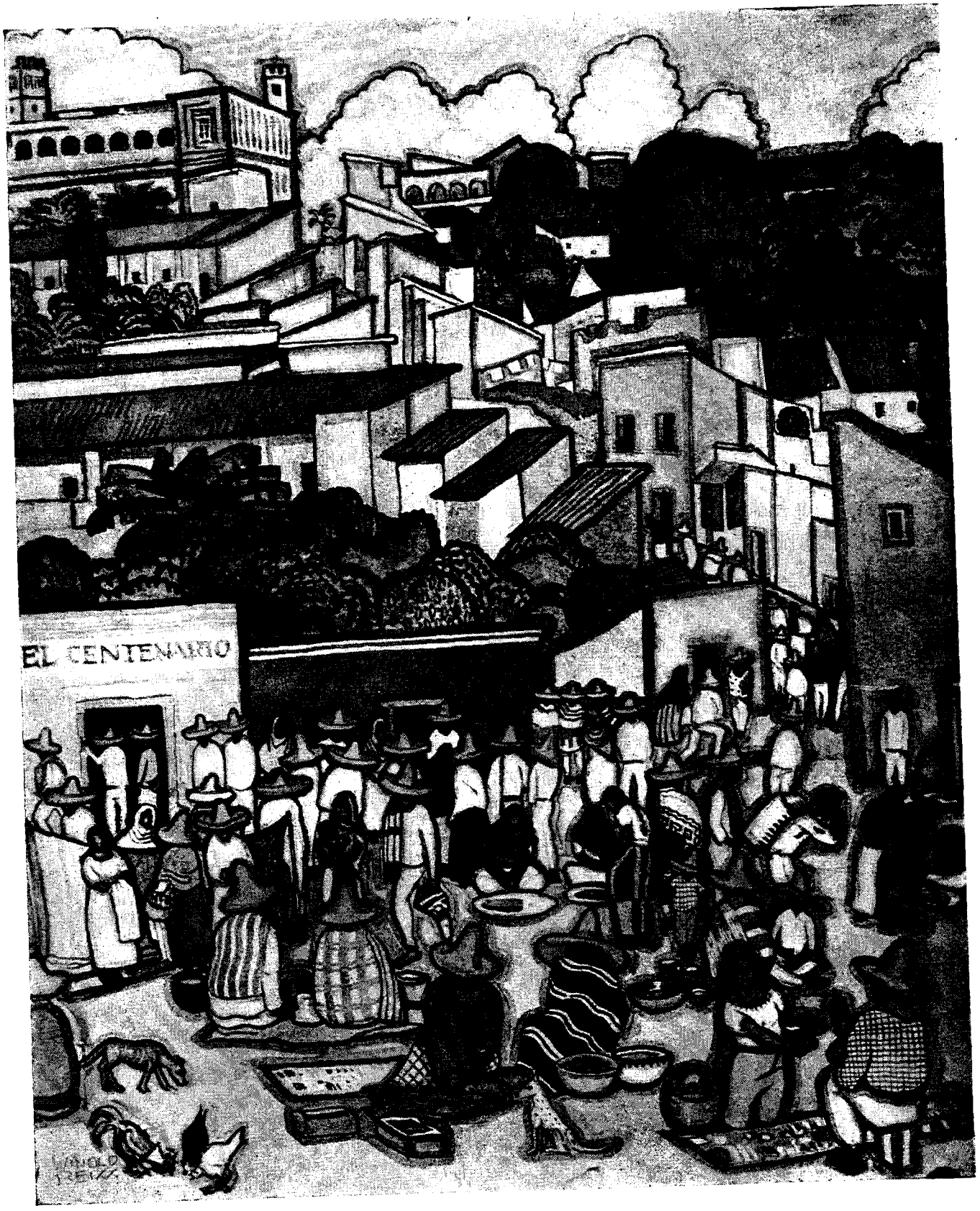

The market town of Cuernavaca

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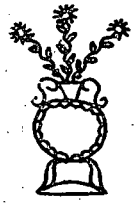
Corridos

By KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Decorations by Adolfo Best-Maugard



IN Mexico, most of the birds, and all of the people, sing.

They sing out freely and cheerfully, to the extent of the voice Heaven has endowed them with, in all places, and at all hours. The lover warbles serenades under the balcony of his lady, the children sing on their way to school, the truck drivers and pedlars whistle and sing, the beggars fiddle and murmur doleful songs about love and death. High pitched, untrained voices of girls murmur sentimental songs softly to the set waltz accompaniment of pianos, from *patio* after *patio* the music floats out as one passes along the bright streets. In a cafe across from my hotel, a set of lively youngsters used to gather almost every night in the week and sing at the top of their voices until the very sunrise. On birthdays and feast days, the guests begin singing at the windows of the celebrant a little after midnight, and sing until breakfast time. These charming songs are known as *las Mañanitas,* (morning songs) modern sister to the old Provençal madrigal. There are marching songs, dancing, wedding and funeral songs: no possible occasion for singing has been overlooked, and the gayest, freshest, most spirited popular music in the world can be heard in Mexico.

THERE is still another type of song, altogether distinct from these popular airs; these are ruder, lustier, they have a unique flavor. They are meant to be listened to; one could not dance to them, the measure is too erratic, and besides, one would miss the story. This type of song is called the *corrido,* and it is the primitive, indigenous song of the Mexican people.

The *corrido* is, in effect, a ballad. Mexico is on of the few countries where a genuine folk poetry still exists, a word of mouth tradition which renews itself daily in the heroic, sensational or comic episodes of the moment, an instant record of events, a moment caught in the quick of life. They are informal, copious, filled with irrelevant matter. The story wanders on by itself, filled with minute details, often with meaningless words tacked on at the end of a phrase in order to make the rhyme. But the form is quite definitive, four lines to the verse, eight syllables to the line, and a refrain. If the perfection of this ideal is not always achieved in the stanza, the music takes care of that by deftly crowding the two or three extra syllables into a note meant for one. The effect is hilarious in the extreme, and is usually deliberate.

These *corridos* are composed and sung by the people all over Mexico. The Indians, the country people and the very humble folk of the town, all know these stories. In them are contained their legends and folk lore. Most of them are handed on by word of mouth, and only a comparatively small number have been written down. But for the past twenty-five years the publication of *corridos* has increased. They are printed on spongy, luridly dyed strips of paper and sold, two for a *centavo,* in the markets.

THE composers are usually anonymous, so far as the printed sheet is concerned. Theirs is the more subtle fame of the enlightened word spoken among the elect. Popular singers vend the wares during early mornings when the citizens crowd to the narrow cobbled streets of the markets. Among the open booths hung with streamers of bright muslins and thin silks, mounds of pottery and colored glass, the heaped melting fragrance of figs, apricots, mangoes and peaches, birds in wicker cages (those sweet-throated doomed creatures whose modest colors have been disguised with brilliant lead paints, which will shortly bring them to death), withies and mats of palm fiber, fowls whose legs have been broken to keep them from wandering, intricate foods simmering over charcoal *braziers,* soft-eyed, self-possessed Indian girls with small stands of brass and silver jewelry, a huddle of beggars and dogs: there, in some accessible corner, the singers squat, strum their guitars, and sing.

They are uniformly hoarse of voice, but no matter. A certain sweated, rugged earnestness in the telling merely emphasizes the innate quality of the narrative. The *corrido* should be shouted. Shouted it is, and the presence of three or four rival vendors, each with the fixed intention of shouting down his competitor, makes a fine, exciting racket. The crowd collects, it takes sides, offers odds on its favorites. Sometimes an entire family, father, mother, and children even down to the five year-old, sing turn and turn about, until all are hoarse as corn-crakes—and why not? But the bright colored strips of song sell instantly, everybody wishes the newest one, they go away memorising the story, humming the tune.

The homely, earthy soul of a people is in them: Gay, tragic, superstitious, devout, cruel, in love with life and a little desperate. The stories are always concerned with immediate fundamental things; death, love, acts of vengeance, the appalling malignities of Fate. They celebrate heroes. A hero is usually one who kills huge numbers of his enemies and dies bravely. He must be a bold, high stepping and regardless person, whether he gives his energies to saving his country or to robbing trains. Motives do not matter. They love deeds, concrete and measurable. They wield a truly murderous bludgeon of sarcasm, they have the gift of the grand manner in relating a love tragedy. An amazing air of realism is achieved through their habit of giving names, dates and places. The tune is composed or improvised on the spot, maybe, by the singer. Or they

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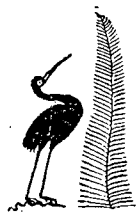
squeeze the lines of a new story into the measures of an old, familiar melody. Either way, they will be remembered, and sung.



A COLLECTION of these *corridos* which I have seen*, dating from about 1890, has a curious sub-historical value. Revolution after revolution has risen, broken and passed over the heads of these singers, and there is not a single revolutionary *corrido*. With the true temperament of the minor poet, the folk singer concerns himself with personalities, with intimate emotions, with deeds of heroism and crime. If many of their favorite subjects were revolutionists, it is because the men themselves possessed the admired qualities of nonchalance, bravado and quickness in action. Carranza was not loved by the *corrido* singer: Madero was loved as a saint and a hero. The difference was not one of revolutionary spirit, but of personality. Victoriano Huerta was rightly dubbed "butcher" in several *corridos—and* a poltroon. He let other men do his fighting. That is the root of the *corrido* singers' contempt for him.

Emiliano Zapata, the bandit general who made of Morelos the first genuinely socialist state of Mexico, was a popular subject of *corridos*. At the time of his assassination, hundreds of rhymed narratives appeared, reflecting every shade of provincial opinion. He was martyr, hero, bandit, a man who betrayed his friends, the savior of his state, a scoundrel who destroyed churches, all depending on the section of the country and the personal bias of the composer . . . but not one of them mentions that he revolutionized the agrarian system of Morelos, or was one of the first Mexicans to apprehend the principles of soviet government. . . . Such things are ephemerae to the maker of ballads. He is concerned with eternal verities.

THE records of accident and murder are set down with a taste for explicit horror; after thirty stanzas the singer will break off by saying he cannot finish the sad tale for weeping. It is their habit to begin by asking the attention of those present, in the manner of the Irish "come-all-ye" and to finish by asking prayers for the soul of the singer, or less often, by mentioning the composer's name, adding that he is one of the most talented *corrido* makers of his time.

Within two days after the death of Pancho Villa last year, the street singers were shouting long histories of the event, with melancholy insistence on particulars. "He was dishonorably killed, his entrails were out," sang one, gayly, a literal fact proved by the photograph of the body printed at the top of the sheet. Villa was the hero of hundred *corridos*, and his exploits took on, even while he lived, that legendary character which is the very heart of romance. When going on raids he flew in aeroplanes at a speed of fifty kilometers a minute. He vanquished one hundred fifty thousand Gringos who came to capture Villa, looked about for him, did not see him, ate a great quantity of corn and beans, and so went home again . . . the subject was meat for their intensely personal kind of humor. One says that the poor Texans were so tired when they reached Mexico, the ones on horseback could not sit, and those on foot could not stand. So they all drank freely of *tequila* and lay down.

THESE ballads are saturated with faith in the supernatural. A very recent one tells of a man born with the head of a pig, who grew up into an extremely disturbing demon in his community. Devils are gravely accused of aiding a man in Guanajuato to murder a helpless female. Divine Providence in the shape of a white angel with wings intervened when two bandits attempted to rob a priest. The apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe takes place somewhere in Mexico, and endless *corridos* piously give the facts of the event. Illustrations sometimes accompany them, rude cuts used many times over, of strange devils, horned and tailed and saber-toothed, blood kin to those of Albrecht Dürer. They urge weak mortals into crime, usually murder or sacrilege.

Laments for the dead are often joined with the story of how the mourner has seen and talked with the ghost. Beautiful young ladies who died unwed are notably restless. They are always rising and frightening their families by appearing at the midnight hour, wan, covered with grave mold, bitterly complaining of their too-early fate.

The laments have passionate, grieved choruses: "Oh, Death, why didst thou turn thine eyes toward my little flower, the white rose of my heart?" sings one. "Oh, Death, thou monster, why didst thou take my child, and leave my step-daughter?" inquires another. And one sturdy souled singer counsels a ghostly wife to return to her tomb, and leave her husband, now happily re-wed, in peace.

The loneliness of the men facing death far away from home and friends is the recurring motif of many *corridos*. They turn their eyes toward the sky, they invoke birds as messengers. A young soldier of fortune, finding himself back to wall and the levelled rifles at his heart, calls on a swallow to fly swiftly and tell his mother how they are going to kill him. The swallow takes the message, and the mother comes weeping to kiss her child goodbye. Ah, the weeping women of the *corridos*. No man can be so utterly brought down but there will always be left one devoted, steadfast woman to come, weeping, bringing what consolation her love can devise. "Pray for her who prayed for me," sings a dying man after battle, "She who bound up my wounds and brought me water, she who will remember my grave when all others have forgotten!"

Corridos celebrating the executions of men taken bearing arms against the government are curious mixtures of admiration for valor come to a hard death, and cautious warning to all who revolt against the government.

This adding of a postscript, slightly moralistic in tone, is merely a gesture of good manners, a courtesy nod to convention. The story is the thing, and a deliciously terrifying ghost story will end with a warning against faith in apparitions and false miracles. The story of some glittering escapade in outlawry will conclude with a word of caution against hateful anarchy. This is done with perfect gravity, tongue in cheek, eyes beaming with charming, natural malice, all a trifle "edgy" a little impious, perfect complaisant mirror of the popular mind.

*Loaned me by Bertram D. Wolfe, of Mexico City.

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A *CORRIDO* still popular, with the wicked mother-in-law motif, has many marks of extreme antiquity. It is called "Marbella and the Newly-born," and resembles the old English carol of Mary and the Cherry Tree, in which the unborn child speaks in defense of his mother.

Marbella, the *corrido* begins, was in the hard pains of birth that brought her to her knees. Her lord the Count was absent, and the deceitful mother-in-law advises her to return to her home, where she will be in more skillful hands. Marbella utters a moving plaint of homesick longing: "Oh, if I were once more in Castle Valledal at the side of my father the King, he would give me help and comfort. . . . But when my lord comes home, who will give him his supper?" she asks the mother-in-law.

"I will give him bread and wine. There is barley for his horse and meat for the sparrow hawk," answers the wicked woman.

After Marbella has gone her husband comes home and asks for his mirror. The mother asks whether he wants his mirror of fine silver, or the one of crystal, or of ivory? He answers that he wants none of these, but Marbella, his wife, his royal mirror.

The mother tells him that Marbella has betrayed him with a Jew, and has now returned to her father's castle to hide her guilt, and to leave her child there.

The husband, with the fatal credulity of all lovers in tragic love stories, sets off to Castle Valledal and finds Marbella there, surrounded by her maids, her newly born child at her breast. He commands her to rise and come with him. He places the mother at the pillion and the child at his breast straps. They ride for seven leagues without a word, so fast the horse's hooves strike fire from the stones. Marbella implores him, "Do not kill me in this mountain where the eagles may devour me. Leave me in the open road where some merciful soul may find me. Or take me to the hermitage yonder where I may confess, for I am at my last breath." At the hermitage she is taken down, dying, unable to speak. But by the never ending grace of God, the newly born child finds language: "I tell you truly, my mother is going at once to Paradise without a stain on her soul. And now I must go to limbo unless I am baptised, for I shall follow my mother into death. But my wicked grandmother shall suffer eternally for this work."

Over their bodies, the count swore by the bread and wine that he would not touch food again until he had slain his wicked mother. He placed her in a barrel lined with iron skewers and cast her over a mountain side; because, the song hints, he could invent nothing worse.

A RACE of singing people . . . used to sorrowful beginnings and tragic endings, in love with life, fiercely independent, a little desperate, but afraid of nothing. They see life as a flash of flame against a wall of darkness. Conscious players of vivid roles, they live and die well, and as they live and die, they sing.

Indian clarinet player, and his native instrument

Why We Are Different

By ELENA LANDAZURI

Drawing by Xavier Guerrero

THE Indian who remains for hours immobile, wrapped in his *sarape*, squatting in the silence of his hut is not losing time—he is thinking. The concrete benefits of his thinking truly enough may be somewhat intangible, but they are none the less real. Even though he lets slip the moment in which he should have done something necessary, yet because of the peace of things he finds very real values and perceives truths which give a new meaning to life.

In one of the clay bowls from Tonalá we will find those hours, apparently lost, translated into beautiful lines. I have before me a dish the inside of which is a blue so deep, so brilliant that it seems to palpitate with life, full of the whitest stars, with the slim deer who lifts his head as to drink the skies. He is surrounded with gray palms and acanthus leaves and ferns and flowers of an ochre which startles with its brilliance. There is a world of phantasy in this little disk of clay—a phantasy which pretends but to lift it above its common use. In the distance we see the peasants returning to their huts, wrapped about in their blankets, and the backs of the men, stooped or angular, are adorned with a thousand colors, blues and vivid reds, upon the gray wool background. The women, light of step, follow silently behind. Perhaps to shorten the distance the laborers sing and those songs are also the fruit of the lost hour, the silent and solemn hours in which beauty was born.

That is why our huts in our fields are bouquets of songs.

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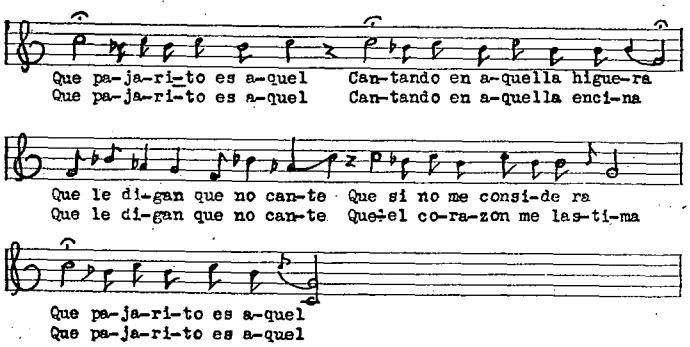
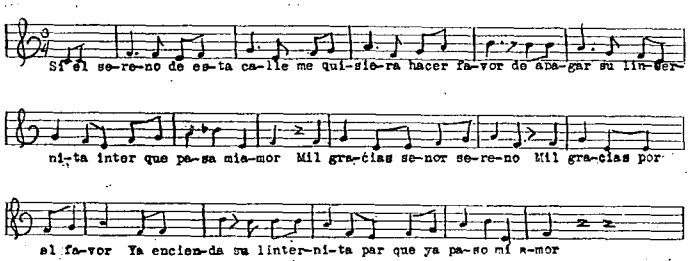
There is an infinite variety of them; they range from the simple combinations of dance rhythms, which hold within themselves a mysterious subjugating power, to the imported *guajira* and the adopted folk dance. In the *bajio* (the hot lands) the melody, wide as the horizon, is impregnated with a serenity of its fields. The heritage of our people, oppressed and expatriated upon their own soil, is melancholy —but always beautiful.

The following melody is sung in the state of Guerrero. It is primitive, savage and has an intimate bitterness.

Que pa-ja-ri-to es a-quel Can-tando en a-quella higue-ra
Que pa-ja-ri-to es a-quel Can-tando en a-quella enci-na
Que le di-gan que no can-te Que si no me consi-de ra
Que le di-gan que no can-te Que el co-ra-zon me las-ti-ma
Que pa-ja-ri-to es a-quel
Que pa-ja-ri-to es a-quel

Or it fills itself with that tenderness and sweetness of races tormented with the "evil of love." A melody of this sort is *"Mañanitas"* which now belongs to all of Mexico.


Si el se-re-no de es-ta ca-lle me qui-sie-ra hacer fa-vor de aba-gar su lin-ter-
ni-ta inter que pa-sa mia-mor Mil gra-cias se-nor se-re-no Mil gra-cias por
el fa-vor Ya encien-da su linter-ni-ta par que ya pa-so mi a-mor

Again it may have a childish joyousness and ingenuity tinged with tenderness like the Jalisco Alegria—"Like to golden sands which the river waters carry am I swept by the current of your love." These are more fruits of the lost hours of the Indian.

Or the song may be as simple and primitive as wet earth and tree bark, or as the flaunted bravery of the man in a *charro* suit and with his hat planted on the back of his head. Such is "El Toro."

These simple expressions, pretending to no particular wisdom, are superior to many so-called works of art. They are closer to the heart of man, closer to the hidden fountain of inspiration—revelations not for the sage, not for the self-assertive man of action, but for the simple Indian in the silence of his solitude.

OUR life carries a flavor of langour, of well-being, even of sensuousness—but also a spirit of peace, serenity, a feeling of depth, almost of mysticism. We tend towards the metaphysical in our philosophy, and in our literature, which is almost always lyrical, we tend towards the mystic. Even our houses, built around an ample *patio* filled with growing plants and trees; with fountains which murmur quietly, influence us to leave action and to indulge in quiet and contemplation.

We have a different mental or perhaps spiritual reaction to the world—a distinct attitude towards life, a peculiar sense of values that colors our view of the significance of things. Other peoples, perhaps, desire the means to live, money to build, to do good, to spend. They want to impress themselves upon the world; our treasure is time. We must think, we must chat, we must see, we must enjoy ourselves, we must be.

When we learn of other peoples to desire money, if we obtain it we do not make the best of it; we do not construct usefully, we do not know how to spend, and if we wish to advertise ourselves by its means we generally make ourselves ridiculous.

No, no, we can only appreciate time.

The heterogeneous quality of our population introduces an admirable variety into our life. To travel over our republic is to pass through nearly all of the grades of civilizations. We have the basic Indian note heavily tinged with the wisdom of the Orient, supplemented by a strong Spanish root and all overlaid with the strains of modern civilization. These give us the beauty of the east next to the vigor of modern life. From the colonial period we have a heritage of many errors and defects, but from it we have also a certain dignity and fineness essentially Spanish which makes our lives tolerable, a certain generous hospitality, a certain flexibility of the intelligence which can range from the cunning to the broadly sympathetic. This united with the Indian's depth of emotion should produce very complete types.

It is in this varied heritage that our creative spirit takes its root. We all of us feel ourselves capable of creating something—from the ornament of a hat to a monument or a constitution.

Capacity for self-expression is with us a fundamental need, just as it is for the rest of the world. We never hamper ourselves in this. We have not suffered from sterility. Our evil is not standardization. Uniform monotony is intolerable for us. We prefer the strife that fosters an exaggerated personality to the peace where nothing happens. To us such peace is false. The interests that spread themselves in the life of a human being—emotions that surge like a tide and fashion the human personality are for us a constant challenge to subtle interpretation, to sympathetic understanding, to generous readiness for new spiritual adventures. The repressions practiced by other peoples are responsible for emotional extremes which seem to us both superficial and hysterical. We are as fully irritated by this hysterical quality as a strongly collective people are by our lack of organization and yet we realize that without organization progress is difficult.

We are often generous, even to self-sacrifice, as individuals, but because of our entire lack of method we cannot organize these resources into a collective movement. Our individual life is rich and full; our collective life, exceedingly poor. Our personality is interesting, our action, limited and incoherent.

These differences may be subtle, but they give an entirely different tone to our lives. They occasion a great deal of friction between the American and the Mexican. Often it seems impossible that our minds will ever run atune. There are, however, many roads to the same goal, and we are bound both as countries and as individuals to give each other the best we can in our own way. We are all in need of sympathetic patience. We need to live our lives without demand that others patent their activities as we do ours. Differences such as are really fundamental are real differences, and add variety and colorfulness to the texture of life.

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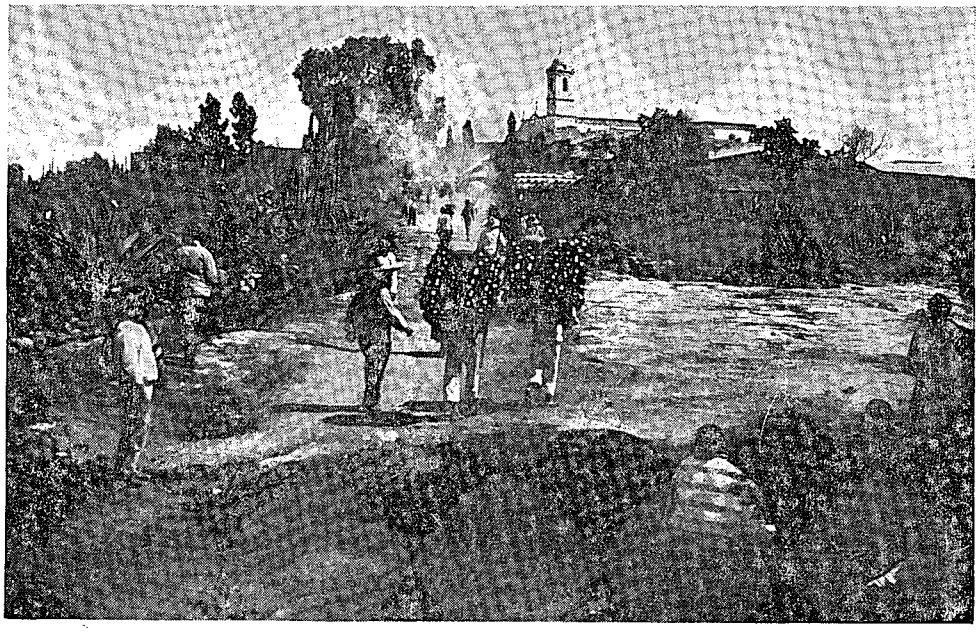

Vendors carrying a hundred pounds or more ply their trade among the mountain villages

Popular Arts of Mexico

By DR. ATL

WITH the exception of the United States, which was born manufacturing objects by machinery, it can safely be said that all countries in the dawn of their civilization have engaged in popular arts. In Mexico, travelling on horse or afoot, poking into the most out of the way corners of the Sierras, or into the huts on the broad plains, one may almost always be sure of discovering specimens of popular handiwork never seen in any other region. Modern machinery has not as yet fully penetrated the Republic, and as old customs still persist throughout the country, contemporaneous industrialism has not yet succeeded in destroying many of the private or family industries bequeathed by the Aztec or Toltec civilizations, or those implanted during the period of Spanish domination.

Today, as in former centuries, the Mexican people continue to cook with kitchen ware of clay, to transport their merchandise in rustic crates, baskets and rope nets; many of the inhabitants of the cooler altitudes continue to wear the classic *sarape,* and in the public markets of every city and village, the native products occupy the most important place by reason of their quantity and variety. The amount of pottery, homespun textiles, painting and small objects of handiwork produced in the villages, the rural huts and the cities throughout Mexico is truly fabulous.

In the distant mountain trails of Guerrero, in the barren regions of the state of Hidalgo, in Sonora, in Tamaulipas, in Tepic, I have encountered Indians bearing heavy crates, inside of which are exquisite articles of palm leaves, or quaint little jars, or dolls adorned with feathers, or trinkets which might have come from the hand of some Chinese artisan—an infinite variety of objects of the utmost utility and, generally, of perfect craftsmanship.

These vendors ply their trade among the mountain villages carrying a load of a hundred pounds or more, which has cost them but three or four pesos. It is often quite impossible to discover where they secured their merchandise. When I have enquired, "In a hut up above Cocolpans a ways," one will say of the *sopladorcitos* (fans for blowing charcoal fire), or, *"Pos, señor, quién sabe!* I bought 'em of my *compadre* in Tixtla." But it turns out that in Tixtla there never have been manufactured such articles as the Indian bought of his *compadre* there.

POPULAR arts are born of the necessities and tastes of the native peoples of a country. They are with rare exceptions utilitarian. This is an essential point of distinction between popular and aristocratic or official arts, which assume almost always the character of works of art *per se*—as is verified by the world wide production of pictorial and sculptural works "for exhibition." Architecture is in general the one outstanding exception, for this art is by its very nature utilitarian. On the other hand, autochthonous arts in every land possess qualities which distinguish them from industrial arts. Sometimes it is their extraordinary technical or artistic perfection; always they are marked by the peculiar idiosyncracies of the people.

In Mexico these arts present a revelation of the good taste, of the keen faculty of observation, of the manual skill and of the profound artistic feeling of the people. They are characterized by homogeneity, by order and by perseverance to the

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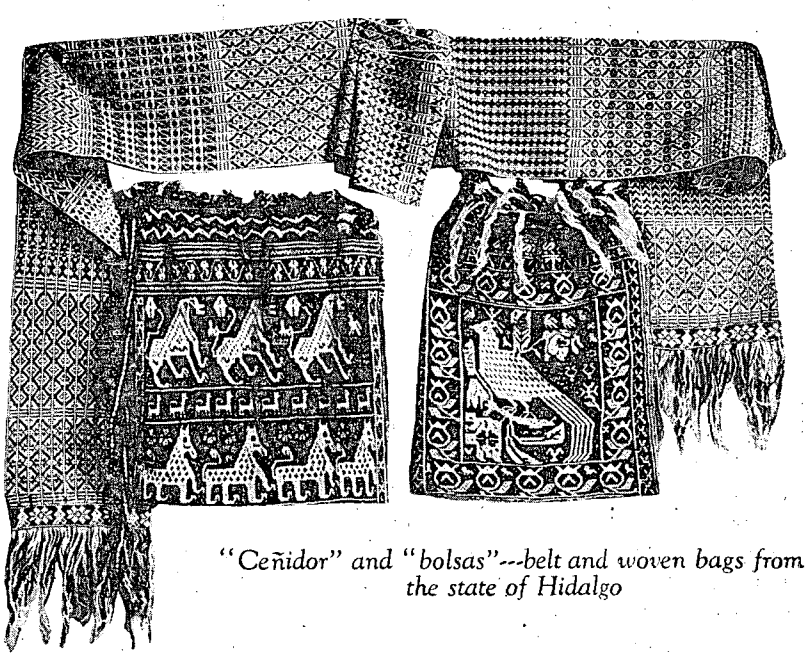
Arts and Crafts

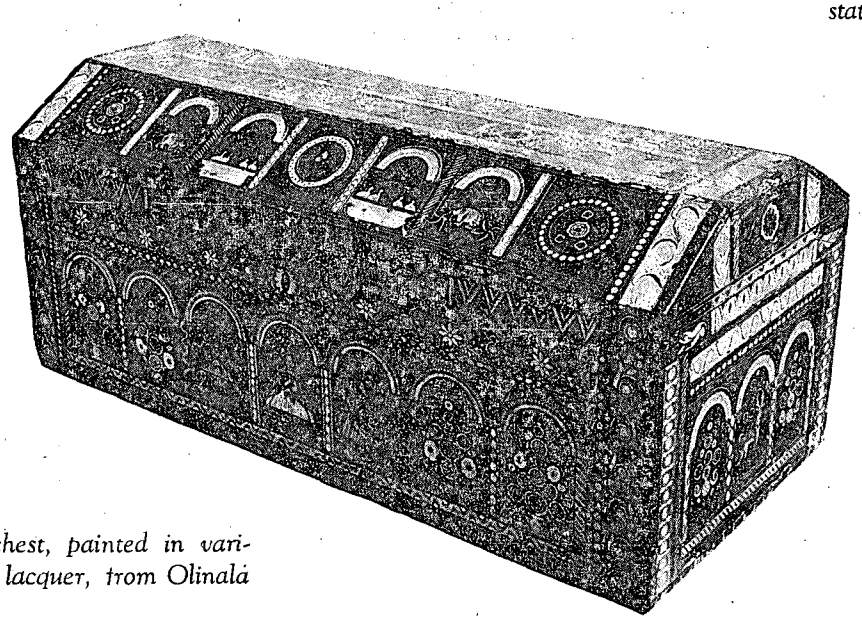
Mexico occupies the third place among the peoples of the world who are notable for their handicraft... Her popular arts reveal the profound artistic feeling of the people

"Monos"---figures of clay painted in colors, made at San Pedro Tlaquepaque, Jalisco



"Ceñidor" and "bolsas"---belt and woven bags from the state of Hidalgo

Basket made of palm fiber, from the state of Puebla



Linen chest, painted in varicolored lacquer, from Olinalá

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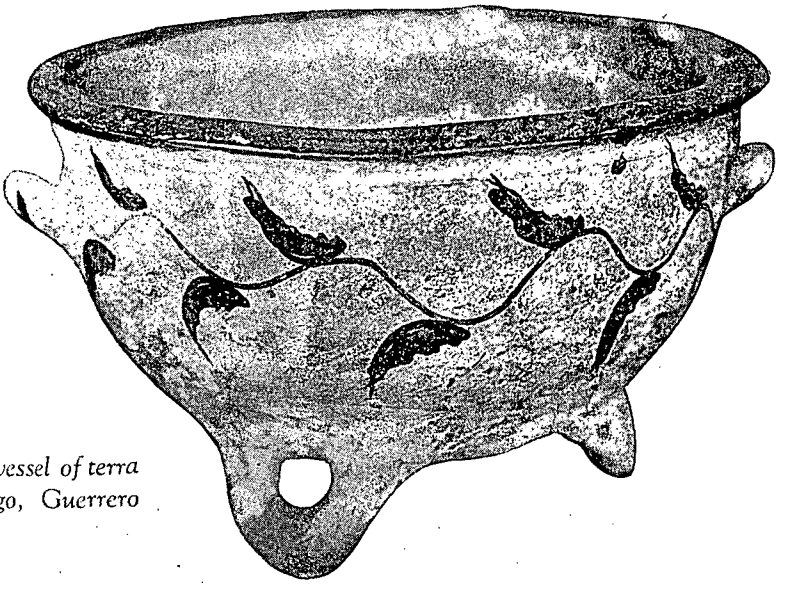
Common plates and dishes from Guadalajara

"Tinaja", large earthen jar decorated by Ladislao Ortega, in Tonalá, Jalisco

Old Puebla (Talavera style) flower vase



"Apaxtle", a water vessel of terra cotta, from Tenango, Guerrero

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extent that they constitute a true national culture. They are important because they satisfy vital social needs; because of their variety; because they all have in their form, in their technique, in the spirit of their decoration, or in their coloring, the seal of an innate and profound esthetic sense; because some of the products possess an artistic value of the first order; because their intellectual manifestations are, as in the case of music, inpregnated with a profound melancholy, or in the case of the religious poetry, with a subtle mysticism, and in both instances are powerfully subjective.

By their study the qualities of the race can be appraised with considerable accuracy. What are the qualities that a study of the popular arts in Mexico reveal to us? They are: a great artistic feeling, especially a keen sense for decoration; an enormous physical resistance; a methodical spirit; a ready genius for assimilation; an individualistic spirit which transforms and organizes all that is assimilated, placing thus a personal seal upon it; and finally a remarkable manual skill and an active imagination.

THESE virtues contrast sharply with the political and social manifestations of this people, which are turbulent, disordered and violent. Observing the silent, skilful weavers of *sarapes* in Tlaxcala, or the makers of pottery in the state of Mexico, lovingly devoted to their work, orderly, attentive, modest and amiable, one would think them incapable of abandoning their little shops for the battle field, and it would seem impossible that they, unpretentious and tranquil as they are, could plunge themselves into the most violent excesses, engendered by political passions, by desires for vengeance, or through ambition for self-betterment.

I have spent many days among groups of industrious natives in the states of Puebla, of Mexico, of Oaxaca, and have marvelled at the patience with which they prepare the raw materials for their products, the systematic method with which they go about their work, the fond affection with which they decorate a gourd drinking cup, and the skill with which they will weave a *sarape*. It appeared to me impossible that those men could ever have done other than work as they were doing then, and rejoice in their labor. Nevertheless, all of them belonged during the revolution to armed groups which had constantly changed their political allegiance; during ten years of political and military struggle they had committed the most ferocious aggressions against the defenceless people of their own race. Since, they have returned to their former work with an easy conscience.

Is this phenomenon unique? Was it not so with the people of Pisa and of Pistoja, of Orvieto and of Lucca, with all those peoples of Italy who divided their lives between art and the most terrible personal vengeances and bloody civil strife? Both types of men, those of Italy and those of Mexico, possess the strange quietism which holds in check the sensual and the passionate and directs the artistic during the execution of a work of art. At the same time they have within them the dynamic energy which impels them to vengeance and to battle. Both possess that ardor without which art is impossible.

IN Mexico today the most important of all the popular arts are pottery, the weaving of *sarapes* and *rebozos,* and those arts concerned with saddlery and the trappings of horses. Pottery occupies first place because of the high artistic merit which it attains in certain regions, because of the great variety of its forms, and because of its commercial importance. It is produced in great quantities; and the customs of the people, their special kinds of food, and the economy of its use have so far barred the way to machine-made utensils. Although many *rebozos* are now woven by machine, they preserve all the excellences of the original primitive industry. The weaving of blankets, especially in Oaxaca and Michoacan, the making and painting of toys of baked clay, the weaving of mats of reeds and of palm leaves, the making of rope, Olinolán lacquer work, saddlery, the manufacture of articles of willow, wicker reeds and roots —all of these industries have kept valid their artistic quality in spite of an encroaching industrial age. On the other hand the delicate art of making pictures of birds and flowers with brilliantly colored feathers, Uruápan lacquer work, jewelry, iron work, such as spurs, bits and buckles, furniture, religious paintings—these are becoming lost arts, or if they survive are losing the artistic importance they formerly had.

COMMERCIALLY and artistically the popular arts are of utmost ethnological value, and they should be studied not only for their great intrinsic worth, but also because they are doomed to disappear as soon as Mexico enters definitely into the period of industrial evolution that is bound to come because of the natural riches and the geographical situation of the country.

They are the work of a people that today have no idea of time nor of money nor of distance. Once in the Tierra Colorado de Atoyac road, in the state of Guerrero, I bought a quaint *cántaro* (water jar) manufactured in Toliman, distant four days journey on horse, and the price asked was fourteen *centavos,* about seven cents. How much must it have cost that merchant that he could sell it for fourteen *centavos* after having brought it a four days journey on burro? Traversing those sections of Mexico away from the railways and beaten paths of communication, sections which comprise almost 99 per cent of its territory, I have come to realize that as yet the progress of the nation is entirely superficial, and even that is localized in a few prominent centers. The greater part of the republic is still unbelievably undeveloped and neglected. The extent to which the virtues of the people are scattered and lost in their abject poverty, and the degree to which their possibilities are to remain unutilized, explain, in part perhaps, the moral, economic and political instability into which the declaration of rights precipitated the country—a declaration which could not be comprehended by people who spend their lives plodding hundreds of miles for the purpose of buying a jar for ten *centavos,* to sell some two months later for fourteen.

The energies of the Mexican people, their muscular force, which is enormous, their remarkable powers of resistance, their artistic feeling, their native understanding of botany, of astronomy, in short all the virtues of this people, which could be so easily capitalized, will be lost completely unless the false ideas concerning them—ideas which have made them a people crushed and defamed, cannon fodder in time of revolution, a living obstructive mass in time of peace, pariahs in the eyes of the upper classes—are not altered by practical action for the redemption of the race, the only true "race" that exists in Mexico, disinherited, overburdened, reviled—the somber and powerful Indian race.

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The Revolution in Intellectual Life

By PEDRO HENRIQUEZ UREÑA

NO one denies the revolution's influence, but very few have attempted to determine the manifold ways in which the intellectual life of Mexico has been affected by it. The outstanding trait of the new situation is, however, evident. The belief is now general that the whole population of the country *must* go to school, even if this ideal is not to be achieved in a few years, nor even perhaps in a generation.

When I say that this *belief* implies a new attitude, I do not mean that the *theory* of popular education was unknown before. Far from it: as soon as Mexico began to emerge, over a century ago, from the medieval atmosphere of the Spanish colonial regime, the theory of popular education as fundamental to a democracy began to appear in print. Fernández de Lizardi, the famous *Pensador Mexicano,* who died in 1827, was an ardent advocate of the idea, and even expected his many publications, in the form of novels, plays, pamphlets, magazines and calendars, to stimulate in the people the desire to read. After the struggle for independence was over in 1821, the number of schools grew steadily; every man who could afford it attended school, and it became indispensable for ladies not to be illiterate (during the colonial period, up to the end of the eighteenth century, there were men who thought it dangerous for women to read and write). But for a hundred years popular education existed mainly as a theory. In practice, school attendance was limited to the minority whose family income allowed them freedom from work in childhood; among the really poor, few crossed the barrier of illiteracy. The believers in popular education (such men, for instance, as Justo Sierra, who became *Secretario de Instrucción Pública* towards the end of the Diaz regime) never succeeded in communicating their faith to the man in the street, no, not even to the government.

IT should be borne in mind that, in spite of its printing shops, Latin America, up to 1800, lived under a medieval organization of society and a medieval concept of culture. Nothing could be more medieval than its great universities, where Latin was the language of the classroom, theology was the main subject, law was either Roman or ecclesiastical, instead of the living statutes of the country; and medicine was taught from the text of the Arab masters, Hippocrates being brought back at times as a great improvement. As Charles Péguy remarks, the protestant peoples began to read after the Reformation, the catholic peoples after the French Revolution. Thus one may understand why it could take a hundred years for a nation to discover that popular education is not a utopian dream but an actual and pressing need. This is what Mexico now fully realizes, as a result of the insistent demands of the revolution. The program of work undertaken by José Vasconcelos as secretary of public education is an expression of these demands.

ANOTHER aspect of the intellectual awakening is that Mexico, like Latin America, is acquiring self-reliance in the affairs of the mind. She has decided to take foreign intellectual and artistic achievements critically, and to expect in the native creations the distinctive qualities which should be the basis of an original culture.

A prelude to this liberation from the foreign intellectual dominance is the period between 1906 and 1911. At that time Mexican intellectual life had advanced somewhat from its former medieval character, Our *Weltanschauung* was predetermined, no longer by the theology of Aquinas or Scotus, but by the system of the modern sciences as interpreted by Comte, Mill and Spencer; positivism had replaced scholasticism in the official schools, and truth did not exist outside of it. For political theory and economics, eighteenth century liberalism was accepted as final. In literature, the tyranny of the classics had been replaced by the domination of modern France. In painting, in sculpture, in architecture, the admirable Mexican traditions had been forgotten, and the right thing was to play the sedulous ape to Europe. In music, where there was no national tradition except in folk song, salvation was thought to lie the way of Leipzig.

But in the group with which I affiliated myself soon after I came from my native Santo Domingo we were very young, some of us not out of our 'teens, when the need of change began to be felt. Among others less well known, our group included Antonio Caso, José Vasconcelos, Alfonso Reyes, Acevedo, the architect, and Rivera, the painter. There was in us a feeling of intellectual oppression, added to the sense of political and economic restriction which we shared with much larger groups. We felt that the official philosophy was too systematic, too final, not to be wrong. We read the earlier thinkers, whose work the positivists had condemned as useless, from Plato to Kant and Schopenhauer. We took Nietzsche seriously—utter blasphemy! We discovered Bergson, Boutroux, James, Croce. And in literature we did not confine ourselves within modern Paris. We read the Greeks. We went back, in our own way, to Spanish literature, which had been left to provincial academic gentlemen. We tried English literature. We attacked and discredited the *pompier* tendencies in art. And nothing more natural for us than to look for new lights in political and economic doctrine.

We soon appealed to the public in lectures, articles, books and art exhibitions. Our youthful revolt succeeded far beyond our expectations. Our elders, after so many years of quiet rule, had forgotten how to fight. In 1909, before Diaz fell, Antonio Caso was called to teach in what is now the National University, and his entrance meant the beginning of the end. When Madero came into power, in 1911, the leading representatives of the old official thought retired from the University, and their influence vanished. . . . This does not mean that the school world, and the intellectual life of Mexico in general, became entirely modern. We had

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broken a long oppression, but we were few and could not replace the old masters in all their fields. The result was a very imperfect adjustment, in which nothing seemed to predominate except the stimulus given by Caso to philosophical freedom.

THE next ten years were a time of political turmoil which might have put an end to intellectual life were it not for the persistence of love for culture inherent in the Latin tradition. While war raged and the members of the "intelligensia" became soldiers, the efforts towards intellectual renewal, though disorganized, went on. Our group had given to Mexico freedom in philosophy, literature and art. The revolution implied a renewal in political and economic doctrine, and finally, about 1920, the change of direction in the teaching of sociology, economics and law became evident in the National University. This was mainly due to men still younger than ourselves, such men as Daniel Quirós, Gómez Morín, Lombardo Toledano, Alfonso Caso (a brother of Antonio), Cosío Villegas. One great thing is yet lacking to make these achievements permanent—a better organization of the universities, now at the mercy of political changes or whims of the men in power.

This far, I have devoted more attention to the struggle towards freedom than to the constructive effort. For a rather long period, Mexico stood alone, being left to her own devices, first by such deliberate policies as "watchful waiting" and non-recognition of governments, then by the European war; her only friends have been the Latin American nations, platonic friends so far, since they are either too distant or too poor to give any practical assistance. The effect of this isolation has been to prove that spiritually Mexico is able to support itself alone with such curious results as the opera seasons of 1915 and 1916, when the Mexicans, who are very fond of opera, but were unable to induce any group of foreign singers to come, organized national companies, and at times two of them sang simultaneously in the capital. The years from 1913 to 1923 have indeed been such that they might have taught self-reliance to a nation much weaker in fiber than Mexico.

WHAT has been the outcome? First, the realization that the social questions of Mexico, her economic and legal problems, are unique in character and not to be solved by mere imitations of the methods of the United States, or the Russian Soviet, or the Fascisti. Then, the belief that the Mexican mind is as creative as any. It is doubtful whether, without a change of the spiritual atmosphere, we should have had such original books as Reyes' *El suicida,* or Vasconcelos' *El monismo estetico,* or Caso's *La existencia como economiá, como desinterés y como caridad;* such nationalistic research as Manuel Gamio's monumental work on the population of the Teotihuacan Valley or Adolfo Best Maugard's study of the lineal elements and the canons of Mexican ancient and popular art; such interpretations of the Mexican spirit as those disclosed in the frescoes of Diego Rivera and his followers.

There is, finally, the desire to use native material or native subjects in the arts and literature and science, together with the decision to create new methods if the traditional European methods prove insufficient for the new problems. The rightness of this decision has been demonstrated especially in painting and drawing. Architecture does not lag behind. J. T. Acevedo and Federico Mariscal, in their lectures of 1913, started the movement in favor of the study of Mexico's colonial tradition; and Mexico City now boasts of scores of new buildings of various excellence in which the old architecture is adapted to new ends. These buildings are easy to recognize by the use they make of two typical stones, the dark red *tezontle* and the bright gray *chiluca,* as well as by the glazed tile ornaments. They are giving back to the city its traditional character.

In music, however, very little has been achieved. The interest in folk songs is now general; every one sings them, just as every one delights in the pottery and the carvings and the weaving of the Indians; and they are sung in official schools just as the system of drawing taught there is based on the study of Mexican native art. But there is not yet the same aptitude or discriminating taste, either officially or privately, for music that there is for, let us say, pottery. Even the essential distinction between the real folk song and the merely popular tune manufactured in the city is not yet commonly grasped. But through the useful work of Ponce, a prolific composer though a timid pioneer, who began to study the folk tunes of Mexico about 1910, a new understanding is dawning and new methods of approach are being tried by younger men such as Antonio Gomezanda and Carlos Chávez Ramírez. We may expect that they will begin the study of the folk music from the bottom by determining the tonal system which lies at the basis of it. There are, besides, vast possibilities in the Mexican orchestra, a peculiar non-European assembly of instruments of widely different origins, which produced an impression of surprise and delight in Brazil and Argentina in 1922 on its first presentation abroad, and which would certainly be a surprise and a delight to Stravinski or to Falla.

In literature, the changes are much less striking than in architecture or painting. This is not because of any deficiency in the development of new tendencies, as with music, but because literature had already achieved, before the revolution, a much greater originality than is generally realized; for, although Latin American writers have always been nourished in the literatures of Spain and France, imitation has played a limited role; at times it is the Latin American that influences the Spanish poet, and not the contrary. From the time of Ruiz de Alarcon, the great seventeenth century dramatist, Mexican literature has had a distinct note of its own—gray, melancholy, with the nuances of twilight.

For "the common people," the revolution has brought not only the increase of educational facilities; it has taught large numbers that they have rights and that one of them is the right to education. Their traditional, age-old sadness has been lighted by hope. They now play and laugh as they never did before. They hold their heads high. Perhaps the best symbol of the new Mexico is Diego Rivera's powerful fresco in which, while the armed revolutionist on horseback stops to rest, the rural school teacher is surrounded by a few children and adults, as poorly clad as herself, but eager with the hope of new things.

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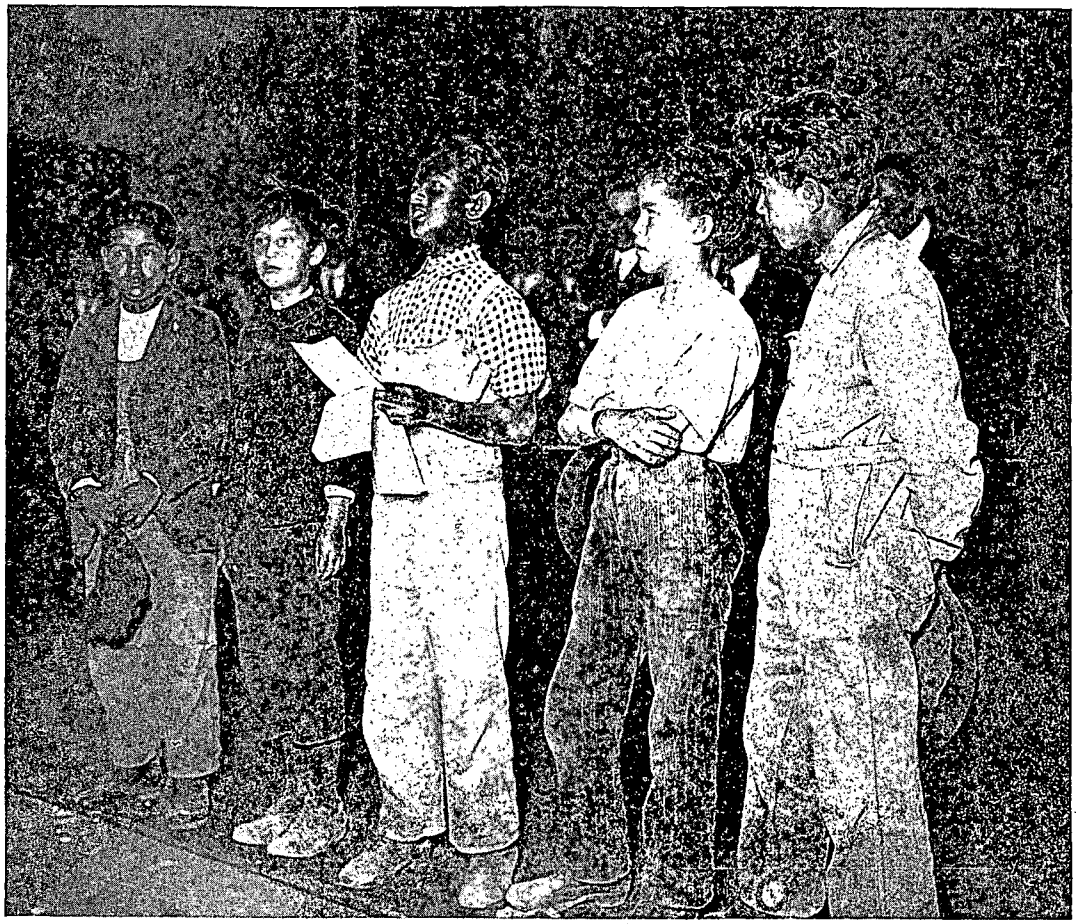

SCHOOLBOYS FROM THE COLONIA DE LA BOLSA

The "Commissioner of Agriculture" making a speech before a convention of Mexican agriculturists

Educational Aspirations

By JOSÉ VASCONCELOS

THE revolution of Mexico falls into three distinct phases. There was first of all the hope, the idealism of the Madero period centered about the conquest of political freedom and social justice. Present day leaders are fond of claiming that Madero was nothing but a dreamer; in truth he was far superior to any man that the revolution has produced after him. It is enough to read the plan of St. Louis where Madero established his purpose of conquering political freedom, together with other important reforms, to understand that the leaders from his day on have done nothing more than try to carry out his ideas—or misinterpret them. After the Madero period came the triumph of a series of ignorant leaders who had no clear social conceptions of any kind but only a mad desire to destroy everything belonging to the past. Carranza was the shrewdest of this type of purposeless leader and he created and ended the blind period of the revolution. With Obregon the revolution achieved maturity and has succeeded in defining itself.

In the present period of definition I believe that the revolution has concentrated upon three main purposes: the breaking up of large land holdings, or the agrarian question; the organization of labor; and the education of the masses. We are still lacking a man capable of comprehending and solving the agrarian question. We have been trying to work it out by partial and sporadic means—and some holdings have been given to Indian towns. But as yet, no one has dared to impose a good progressive land tax that would automatically force the break-up of the large estates. Our labor organizations are being corrupted by politicians, but still the workingmen at large have made some material and tremendous spiritual progress over their pre-revolutionary state of mind.

Though the practical outcome of the revolution may be small, the Mexican masses have awakened and are so much in earnest about their economic betterment and spiritual development that a serious advance will have to come. In fact, revolutionary principles have imposed themselves in such a definite way that even the reactionaries have to put into their political platform revolutionary formulas, such as land division, political freedom, etc. And the main danger of the present day, in my opinion, lies with the men who are arguing in favor of military dictatorship to carry out these

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reforms. I belong to the Madero group who have always thought that liberty was a condition of progress and that democracy although defective as a form of government is still the best governmental technique under modern conditions. I believe that a poor democracy can do more for progress than a good dictatorship and I think that only selfish leaders are capable of advocating dictatorship in a country like Mexico which owes all its disasters to despotism.

The Obregon government has been trying to educate Mexico in the practice of democracy and liberty. What the Mexican nation will have to thank Obregon the most for is this period of three years of freedom. If he had been a vulgar leader, he would have repeated the history of military dictatorship, but, instead of using his power over the army to impose his own will, he succeeded in pacifying the country without oppressing it and, so far under his administration, there have been no political persecutions and the law has been respected. He has given, also, enthusiastic and sincere support to the third important aim of the revolution—public education.

WHAT has been done in this line has very often been described as an extraordinary effort in a backward country. This effort represents the aspiration and the hope of the whole nation. I mean by this that during the last three years the whole of the Mexican people, the common laborer, the town dweller, the illiterate and the cultured, everybody has put his ideal and his hope in learning and culture. It was the duty of the Department of Education to give form to these hopes and after much thought we passed a law of education that emphasized the diffusion of knowledge to destroy the burden of illiteracy and technical training in order to make human work more productive.

As a complement to these two features we also emphasized the need of artistic education of the masses, because it is not enough to struggle for food and shelter as this would only tend to create a community of beasts or well-fed ants. Human beings need a broad vision to fill their lives. After people have work and food they are compelled to look for something to satisfy the needs of their souls and the modern state can offer for this purpose nothing better than art in all of its phases—music, dancing, sculpture.

These three traits, general knowledge, technical training and the development of art, have been the fundamental elements of our educational plans. We have tried to create a school based upon them. And we have made broad advertisements of such ideas. To carry out our program we have counted upon the good will of the executive, upon the generosity of congress, and upon national enthusiasm. We have given new trends to education, we have built a few schools, and we have roused the national conscience.

MOST important of all we have established the habit of devoting a large sum to education every year. The Diaz budget for education was eight million pesos, the Carranza budget was five million pesos, the present budget is forty-five million pesos and on paper it is fifty. No future government can possibly reduce this sum because public opinion will not tolerate it. We have created an organization that can establish and has established schools of every kind and libraries in every section of the country. This organization is the Department of Education, the head of which is a cabinet member. This same organization controls the schools, public libraries, and art institutions all over the country. These federal institutions are not substitutes for, nor hinderances to the schools of the different states, towns and private undertakings but stimulate and help them.

Under this same Department of Education we have organized a group of teachers—whom we call missionaries—who have the task of visiting the smaller towns and Indian sections to study their educational needs and organize schools in places where there have never been any. A very serious obstacle to the work of these missionaries has been found in the difficulty of finding teachers capable of developing real apostolic qualities. Many of them have reached towns and loafed away their time—but not a few have done excellent work. In many cases politicians have tried to impose upon us the appointment of missionaries that were nothing more than political agents, but after giving them a trial we generally succeeded in discovering and discharging them. Sometimes the missionaries are full of good will but the towns and Indian tribes are too poor and too indolent to build a school and purchase the school materials; they write back to the department and we are powerless because we do not have enough money to satisfy the tremendous needs of the country.

This gives us a constant sense of insufficiency because our needs are so much greater than our achievements. But the need and the faith of the people force us to keep on. I would have resigned from office a dozen times had it not been that one can feel the hope of the nation centered in our department. We have to fight for money; we have to criticize others for spending on things that are not educational; in some instances we have had to take the attitude of the "anti-foreigners" because we opposed the spending of money in propaganda when we needed it so much for real work. It was not petty nationalism but the desire to make of Mexico a creative nation—a nation that can base its propaganda on its deeds and not on paid press articles. Our education far from being anti-foreign is distinctly human—the child is imbued with the idea that he is a member of the human race, that all peoples are his fellows and that there is enough land in Mexico for all to live in peace and love.

AMONG our modest achievements are our popular libraries which are filled every evening with small children, as well as with men and women of all ages. Not only is this true of Mexico City but also of the smaller towns. In the last three years we have purchased from Spain about four hundred thousand volumes of all kinds of subjects, always choosing the best book in its line; and we have distributed technical books on a considerable scale. We are criticized for over-emphasizing the classics, but this is because people forget our books on agriculture and manual training; they remember only our Homer, Plato and Don Quixote. Of the Spanish Don Quixote we have purchased 50,000 copies for distribution among schools and libraries. Of the Greek and later classics we have published issues of 25,000 copies; in one year we sold 8,000 volumes

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of Homer at one peso each; but we have also published over a million copies of a first reader.

In primary schools our work is lacking in extension because we do not have enough money. The building problem is overwhelming. It will take us ten years of building at the rate of the last three to compare with Argentine or the United States. Our school buildings are equipped for technical training. In every primary school the children are working with their hands in some useful occupation, or they are raising animals and planting gardens. This habit of combining culture with manual labor will for the first time in our country bridge the gap between learning and toil; it will bring to Mexico a generation of cultured toilers; it will eradicate our Roman and Castilian contempt for manual work.

BUT we must repeat, to the Mexican people and to our friends outside, that our achievements are far below our needs. We must insist on a larger budget, and upon closer attention of the people to the schools. It is not only that Mexico is poor, but mainly that our money is ill spent. I dare say we would have enough money if we would only use it well. We try to work within a close economic margin but our bad habits permit useless expense. Our government sometimes spends in pomp and exhibition money needed for more useful things. The millions spent in the celebration of our centennial broke up our budget of 1920 and actually stopped some of our construction work on school buildings.

At present our worst enemy is politics. The election campaigns become more and more costly and bitter and cause a real waste of energy and money, all to raise to the field of power this or that candidate, and as a rule all candidates are equally bad.

Another serious drawback is the excessive cost of the army; while more than one hundred million pesos are spent in maintaining an army that is useless for all purposes of progress a really fundamental work cannot be undertaken in either public works or public education. The most important problems for Mexico are: the development of natural wealth through the construction of roads, irrigation works, etc., and school building; all of these things are only just begun because the resources used for them are insufficient. Until the militarist spirit is extirpated on the one hand, and on the other, the shamelessness of politicians who waste money on ends that have nothing to do with public service, it is impossible to expect any effective or lasting progress.

More thought given to the future of the race and less to the selfish present day interests would go further than all the false propaganda printed about our achievements. The work of education must be continued if Mexico is to come out of medievalism—not only that, but it must be increased at the expense of personal sacrifice.

IN the spread of artistic education we have gone straight to the people. We have obtained our pupils from the school children and from the laboring classes. We have opened night classes of drawing and we are establishing in all of the schools a method of teaching drawing according to the element of our national art. We have published and sent out about thirty thousand copies of this method of teaching drawing. To encourage music we have sent out teachers who are conducting large classes in the poor sections of the large cities and the most populous rural districts. We have organized in the city of Mexico eighteen choral societies largely of working men, also six amateur string orchestras. They play and sing classical music and Mexican folk songs. Concerts are given by school children, four or five thousand of whom sing in the open plazas of the large cities on holidays and on bright nights. Our people who are so fond of music have responded widely to these performances. In Mexico City we have an official symphony orchestra that plays Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Wagner and some of the moderns, composed of ninety members all of whom are Mexicans, including the conductor; we also have two classical quartettes, a private symphony orchestra of fifty members and a smaller orchestra of ladies, as well as military bands that play popular and classical pieces in the public parks. There are symphony orchestras in Guadalajara, in Puebla and in Aguascalientas, all of whom receive help from the federal Department of Education, as do amateur orchestras in other cities like Monterey. Our local drama and comedy theatres are yet very poorly developed, our success having been chiefly along musical lines.

ALL of this is the initial impulse of a movement that will save Mexico if it goes on developing—hundreds of well-meaning men, both capable and unselfish, have put a sort of religion into their efforts to teach the masses. All of these men are cultured, but not all belong to the professional university group; they have gone through the university but they have learned more from life and from the needs of the people; or they are self-made scholars. The university man as a rule has been too proud to look down upon his ignorant fellow-being. At the worst he wants the people to be learned before approaching him. It is the school teacher, the technician and the engineer to whom we owe whatever we have done. We have made a start, we have scratched the surface. We cannot be said to have failed, and yet it must be admitted that we have not achieved as much as we hoped; the reason we have not failed is that national interest in education has sustained us. In the humblest hamlet, as well as in the most populous cities, one is aware of a lively interest in education, especially among the humbler classes; this is so true that in my opinion our problem is not one of methods or of programs or of measures to be taken but rather, as we foresaw at the beginning, a problem of enlarging the budget for education.

Puebla pottery design

Hitherto it was thought that public education was not a function of the State, and it was left to private initiative and to the clergy. Now the understanding is dawning that public education in a country such as ours is the most important state function, for though it does not solve immediate problems it safeguards the future of a people.

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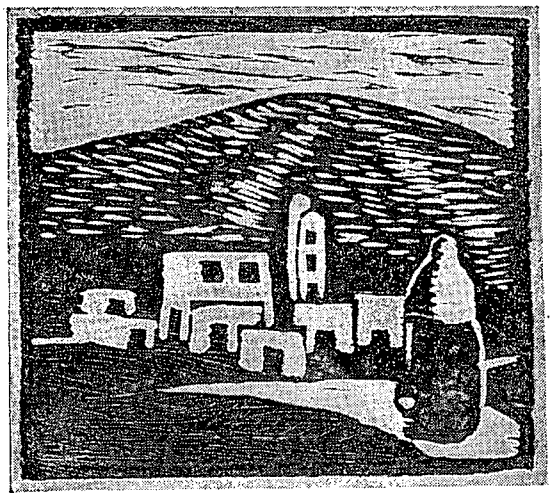
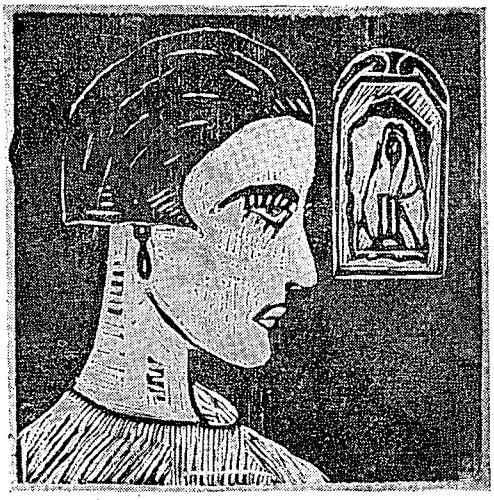
Art in the Public Schools

Mexico's youngest generation returns to the oldest native art



These examples of wood block cutting and design were selected from the work of public school pupils in their first year of art study as a regular course in public school education, under instruction of Carlos Orozco in Guadalajara



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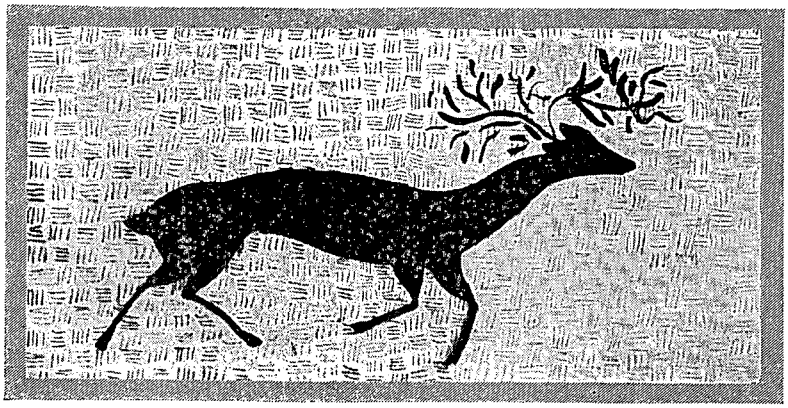
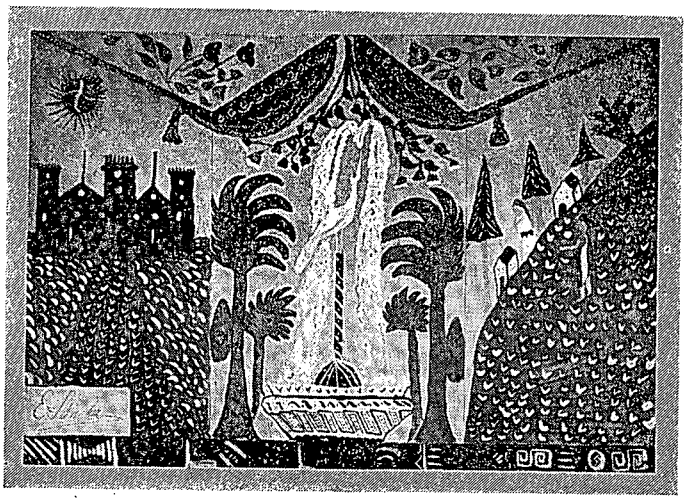


The system of art instruction is founded on the principles of ancient Mexican design revised and put into textbook form by Adolfo Best-Maugard, who originated the idea of teaching nature design to the Mexican children

Daring, freedom, harmony, self-possession mark the work of these children, who invent new combinations of the characteristic motifs of Aztec, Maya and Spanish design and arrive at an art expression of modern Mexico



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The Educational Missionary

By ESPERANZA VELAZQUEZ BRINGAS

AS inspector of the educational missionaries I have ranged from Chihuahua, where the migratory Tarahumares tribes wander from place to place without any fixed abode, to Yucatan, the home of the highly civilized Maya Indians. Even in the most out-of-the-way places, I have found these young men and women who have dedicated themselves not only to the teaching of reading and writing, but to the implanting of better modes of living; to the task of incorporating the Indians into the current cultural life of Mexico without at the same time destroying their own traditions, arts and achievements. They are the new Mexican apostles, sent out by the Department of Indian Education and Culture of the Ministry of Education. They are prepared to teach at any and every time, and in any place they can secure auditors. They have crept into mountain passes, into deep *barrancas,* into forests, into every place, no matter how distant or how isolated from the rest of the world; they have endured or rather enjoyed the self-denial, the hardships, the lack of comforts that that kind of life involved. They have slept on the floors of *chozas,* eaten Indian food and traveled through mountains on the backs of little burros for weeks and months at a time.

The problem of finding and choosing teachers for this unusual and difficult task was a delicate one. The teacher needed to be more than a teacher; he had to be one who could give himself eagerly to the task. The difficulty was solved by the generous and willing participation of many cultured Mexicans who saw in the program a great work of spiritual resurrection for the neglected Indian masses. Not only teachers, but well-known artists, musicians, poets, writers and scholars came and offered themselves. Even the university intellectual forgot his cloistered habits and betook himself to the field and the mountain on the back of a burro. We discovered that the fountains of joy were in the country and not in the city; that while the cities gave us comforts, the country gave us life—a real life such as we had not dreamed of. Each missionary was assigned a territory, and allotted a number of assistants who were more or less stationary, while he himself made the rounds at frequent intervals.

The educators did not confine their interest to the economic aspects of the communities, but the traveling artists who were in the group organized festivals, always using the local musical and artistic groundwork for their material and inspiration. They discovered much native art and

At a Maya village in Yucatan, the pretty mestizas improvise a festival

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music and brought about a better understanding of the native Indian psychology and indigenous cultural technique. This has been a means of discovery and acquaintanceship for the rest of Mexico.

OF the peoples among whom I have worked, one of the most receptive and most gracious were the Maya Indians of Yucatan—perhaps the only state in our republic that has preserved all of its local color. In spite of the abuses to which they have been subjected, the Maya Indians have preserved their language, their traditions and their culture. They have done so because they have naturally a dominant and patient personality. They have had, too, the leadership of Felipe Carrillo, who, with the *Ligas de Resistencia,* has organized schools in every little village, so that today they are the most progressive and forward looking state of the republic and have less illiteracy than any other region.

The inhabitants of the little villages of Yucatan welcomed the work of the teachers and in their own genial way offered to the stranger all of the best in their possession. When I traveled through the towns of Izamal, Ticul, Sotuta, Peta or in any of the other places to deliver lectures or to establish schools, they always organized a *baqueri* (a native dance) which lasted for many hours after the lecture. The pretty *mestizas* dressed in their finest *huipiles* (native dress) improvised a festival meal and joyously offered the stranger *pibilcochinita* (barbacue) and *tortillas* preserved in a bowl made of *lec* (a native tree). The men, in their high heeled *zapatos,* their white *chamarras* and linen *pantalones,* danced the *guachapeo,* and gathered an enthusiasm for culture which inspired them to give their evenings to the building of a school and to occupy the seats as students when the school was finished.

These are a people of native simplicity and sincerity. When I went from village to village mounted in an *enjalma* (native saddle) on a burro, there was always a committee to accompany me, and I was heralded by a native band and saluted with firecrackers.

Next to the Maya Indians, the *Campesinos* of Jalisco received the traveling missionaries with the greatest cordiality. Here, also, the local government is preoccupied with the problems of public education, and the path of the missionary was facilitated by the readiness of the Indian to accept instruction. Here, too, one finds the real artists in pottery and ceramics, for it is from the little village of Tonalá that the most beautiful works of pottery come. I

The author visited Don Leonardo, the Robinson Crusoe of "Isla de Alacranes"

Popular dress from Tehuantepec—a group of Indian women together is a curious study in blacks and whites

stopped here and after sleeping in one of the poor little *jacalitos* constructed of adobe and spending the night lying on a *petate* woven out of palms—for these Indians have little of worldly goods and do not know what comfort means—I visited Lao and Lucano, the two most famous decorators of ceramics. They live a rustic life, in windowless *jacales* built of adobe. Their equipment consists of a *petate* woven out of palms and spread ruglike on the floor. On one of these same smaller *petates,* which lay out of doors for the sake of light, they seat themselves Chinese fashion with their legs crossed and paint all day long.

Not only great artists from the capital have visited Tonalá, but agents from the Department of Education and of Agriculture, and conditions already are bettered. The potters have organized themselves into a cooperative society and have established their headquarters and museum in the only good house in the town—this with the hope that they will have better control of the selling price of their products, and so increase their means of livelihood.

(*Continued on page* 191)

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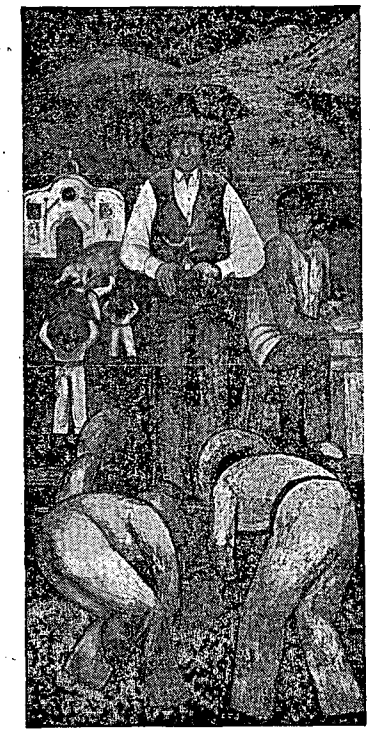

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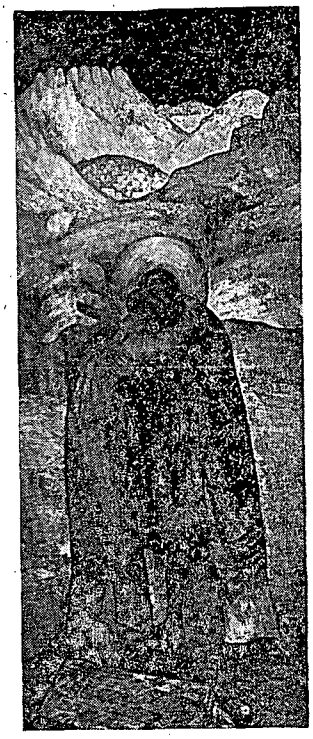

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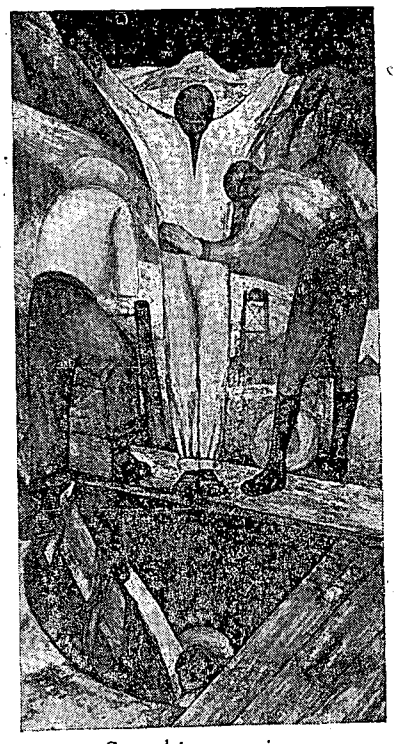

Searching a miner

The Guild Spirit in Mexican Art

By DIEGO RIVERA

as told to Katherine Anne Porter
with reproductions from his murals

WHY did I organize my syndicate of painters and sculptors in Mexico? I think I did not so much organize it, as it evolved of itself from forces and influences secretly at work in the spirits of the artists themselves. My role was rather that of welder, since it was my plan of cooperative labor in reviving the old art of mural decorating in Mexico which brought together and concentrated the diverse powers of the younger Mexican artists, who had hitherto been scattering their individual energies by attempting to work alone.

When I returned to my native Mexico almost three years ago, after fourteen years in Europe, I found the atmosphere of art fairly stagnant—almost inert. Many artists of merit, and a true genius or two, were working, but they were so separate in their aims that they were making no headway against the enormous indifference of the so-called cultured classes, who support only the kind of art they like, naturally—and needless to say they did not like anything that was being done around them by such painters as Adolfo Best-Maugard, Xavier Guerrero, or Clemente Orozco.

Conditions were therefore not altogether promising. The Post-Impressionist bloc held together very well, animated by hatred of all that came after their period. Various art schools enlisted the loyalty of earnest-minded students, bent on problems of style, mathematical proportion and sleek brushwork. Two or three painters of the old schools, unable to communicate their essential qualities to their pupils, were now painting mere reminiscences of themselves.

Adolfo Best-Maugard, having devoted ten years to the study of ancient Mexican design, had founded an entire system of painting and teaching upon it, and was beginning the work of organizing the art departments of the public schools throughout the Republic. Xavier Guerrero, without ever leaving his native state in the north of Mexico, was already painting Indian designs in his native tradition.

But there was a prodigious quantity of life, of talent and energy going to waste among the younger painters. All, or nearly all of them were revolutionists, members of various radical groups; all understood thoroughly the communistic principle as applied to government, to life, to economics. But they were still thrall to the idea that the artist is an entity distinct from the human world about him, mysteriously set apart from the community; I think they still regarded painting as a sort of priestly function.

THIS is an old superstition, and though the artist did not invent it, he became, ultimately, its victim. True creativeness is a force inexplicable, and therefore hostile, to those who do not possess it. Now and again there occurs a great epoch when this vitality, this force of life, will rise to such high levels that a whole nation will evince the most astounding fullness of genius. These are the times when the guild, the community, the syndicate, if you will, of artists and craftsmen flourish. Almost every race experiences at least one such epoch of lofty intellectual and spiritual development. This does not occur by miracle, but is a culmination of centuries of preparation, centuries wherein the

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race grows gradually in the love and understanding of art, and with this love and understanding comes the power of projection, of rich accomplishment.

When art becomes a cult of individual eccentricity, a meager precious and neurasthenic body struggling for breath; when it becomes modish and exclusive, the aristocratic pleasure of the few, it is a dead thing, and the nation which produces it is ready to perish. This is part of a tragic cycle, inescapable, a natural circumstance of decay. I believe that art has recently passed through this period of death, and is now preparing for a resurrection in the world. In Mexico, this resurrection is most heroic, most radiant, in the arts of painting and sculpture.

It is to me a most virile sign that artists and craftsmen everywhere are returning to the guild, to the community of labor. (The Indian artists have never departed from it, but then, the Indians are wise "by heart" as one of them explained to me!) The artist is coming again to the conclusion that he must be first a man, a worker who creates beautiful things with his brain and his hands, satisfying to the needs of his spirit, as a carpenter makes a chair adapted to the needs of his body. If he fails in this, his work is not a true work of art, because it will lack the all-important human essence. However faithful a reflection it may be of an honest point of view, it remains a fragment, not soundly related to the physical and spiritual proportion of man.

The guild is the fine flower of human comradeship and unity in art. The artist breathes most freely in an atmosphere of revolution, of intelligent and merciless criticism, of creative liberty. These things are such old truths it may seem absurd to say them again. But we are constantly in danger of forgetting the old truths. And what is revolution but a restatement of man's eternal will to be free, written out in his own blood? And what is art but a perpetual struggle to express again, in newer, fresher terms, the old ideals of beauty? A century of violence, of experimentation, is not given in vain if at the end it flowers in a single achievement of victorious creation.

NOW I believed that the time had come in revolutionary Mexico for the foundation of a syndicate of painters and sculptors. If these young artists of Mexico were to an identifiable part of the new esthetic pattern of their country, they must first humanize themselves. It was necessary to direct their robust, inclusive, apostolic energy towards a definite end. They must work together to create an atmostphere in which the idea of art could grow. When the time comes, the supreme geniuses which I believe will follow us may rise on the supporting body of this community, free to complete their destinies without expending half their early strength in combatting alien and blighting influences.

To this end we joined forces. I had begun work on my encaustic mural, "Creation," in the amphitheater of the Preparatory School of the National University. There joined me in this work the young painters, (whom I wish to name here as a matter of record) Alva, Charlot, Caero, Leal, and Reveueltas; these labored together in the true fraternal spirit, each man adapting his talents to the severe constructive discipline imposed by such a project. A little later, there came Siqueiros and de la Cueva, full of ardor, with fresh spirit and enthusiasm. Their painting was of no time nor mode nor epoch, they were as original as the early Italians, as modern as Picasso. Guerrero, already a developed personality, well understanding the office of painter, also came, with Merida and Amero.

These were the pioneers. The guild existed, but it had not taken final form. With the cooperation of José Vasconcelos, Minister of Education, we went under contract as a labor union to decorate the walls of the Preparatory School and the Ministry of Education building. We are laborers, but not mercenary ones. We work from ten to sixteen hours a day, with the privilege of working on Sundays if we like! for a wage that comes to about four pesos the square *metro*. When we are absent, except on sketching trips, we do not receive our pay. If I receive a little more than the others, it is because I paint more than the others, and also pay a helper who mixes my plaster and prepares the walls.

On these terms and under these conditions, this syndicate is painting on the walls of these buildings a history of the Mexican people. Beginning with the mural, "Creation," in which I sought to portray in a figure which has been called symbolic (there is no abstraction in Mexican art, however!) all the essential ingredients of this race; from thence we have simply followed very faithfully all phases of Mexican life, through the conquest, to the present day, in their wars, their religions, their work, their festivals and their sufferings. We are at present painting the story of the ten years revolution just past.

Each artist is at liberty to paint on his own particular wall in his own way, obeying the general plan, but in no wise hampered as to style or technique other than the physical requirements of fresco painting. He is bound only in this: he must not interfere with the freedom of his brother artists, and he must remember that he is a laborer subject to the rules of his syndicate. All are, then, free, but free as morally responsible members of a community.

The artist needs simple food, clothing enough to protect him from the elements, a roof to cover him when he sleeps. I strongly doubt if he needs more. I strongly doubt if any human being needs more. For the rest, the satisfactions of his life must come from the sense of work well done. The materials for his work should be provided by the community, and in turn he must give all that he can of beauty to the common store. . . . This was the revolutionary ideal which we hoped to accomplish, and the results were very strange.

A LEGEND took immediate form about our syndicate. It was said we were paid stupendous sums for our painting, that we were growing wealthy at the expense of the public school funds. Newspapers, notoriously uninterested in anything but the fabulous and the sensational, devoted long columns to our mercenary spirit, mingled with sneers at our ambition to restore painting to its rightful place—to the walls of public edifices, where the great masses of the people might come in contact with its living being, where it might become a part of their daily life, instead of confining it to the walls of the wealthy, or closed galleries of museums.

Academic painters and professors of art were enraged at what they termed our cult ugliness. This because we neglected to paint beautiful young ladies with white useless hands, or to compose pretty studies of water reflecting trees and castles. They said that our pictures of deep breasted Indian women suckling their children were vulgar; that our pictures of revolution and labor were ugly and horrible. In

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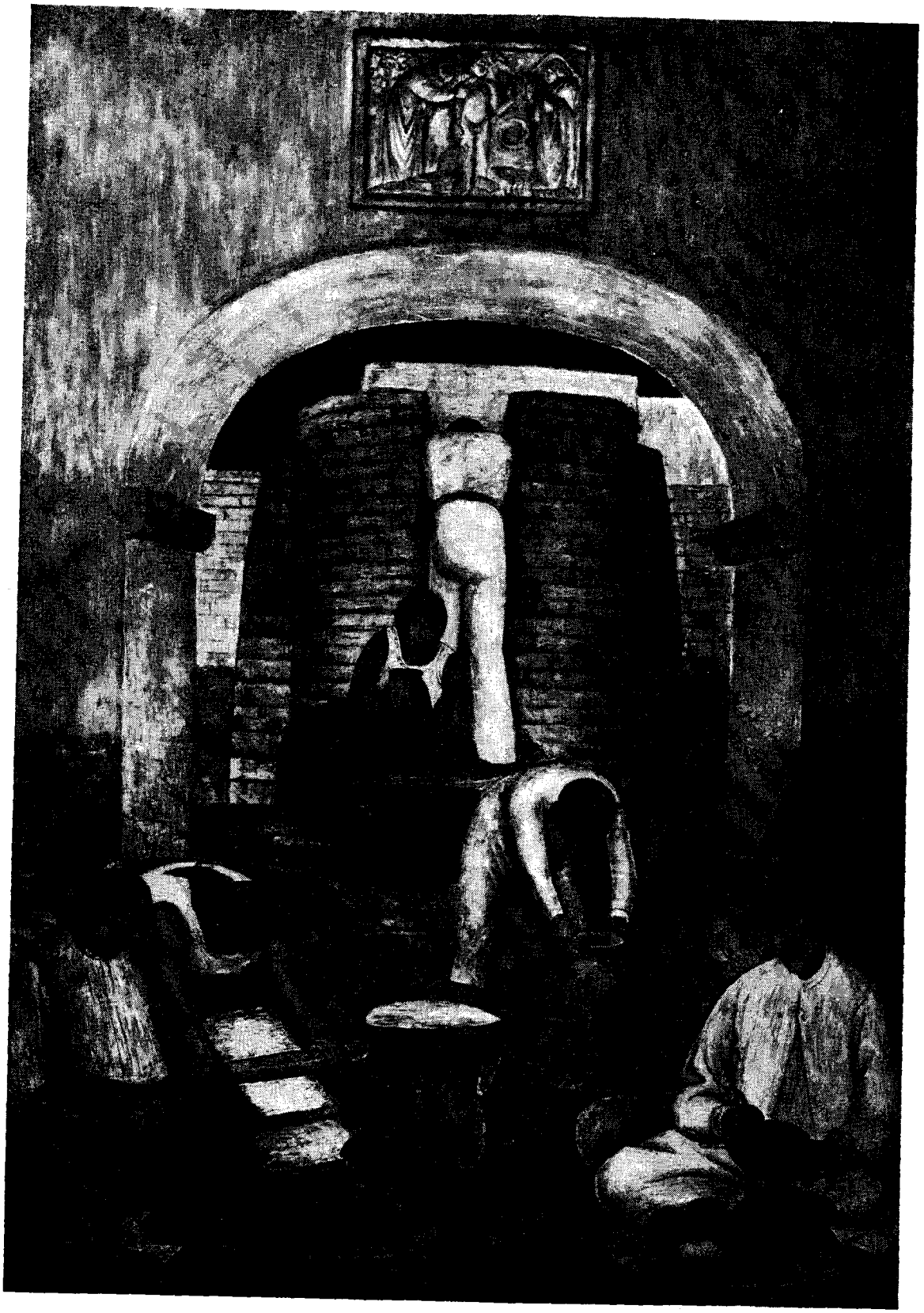

POTTERY MAKERS

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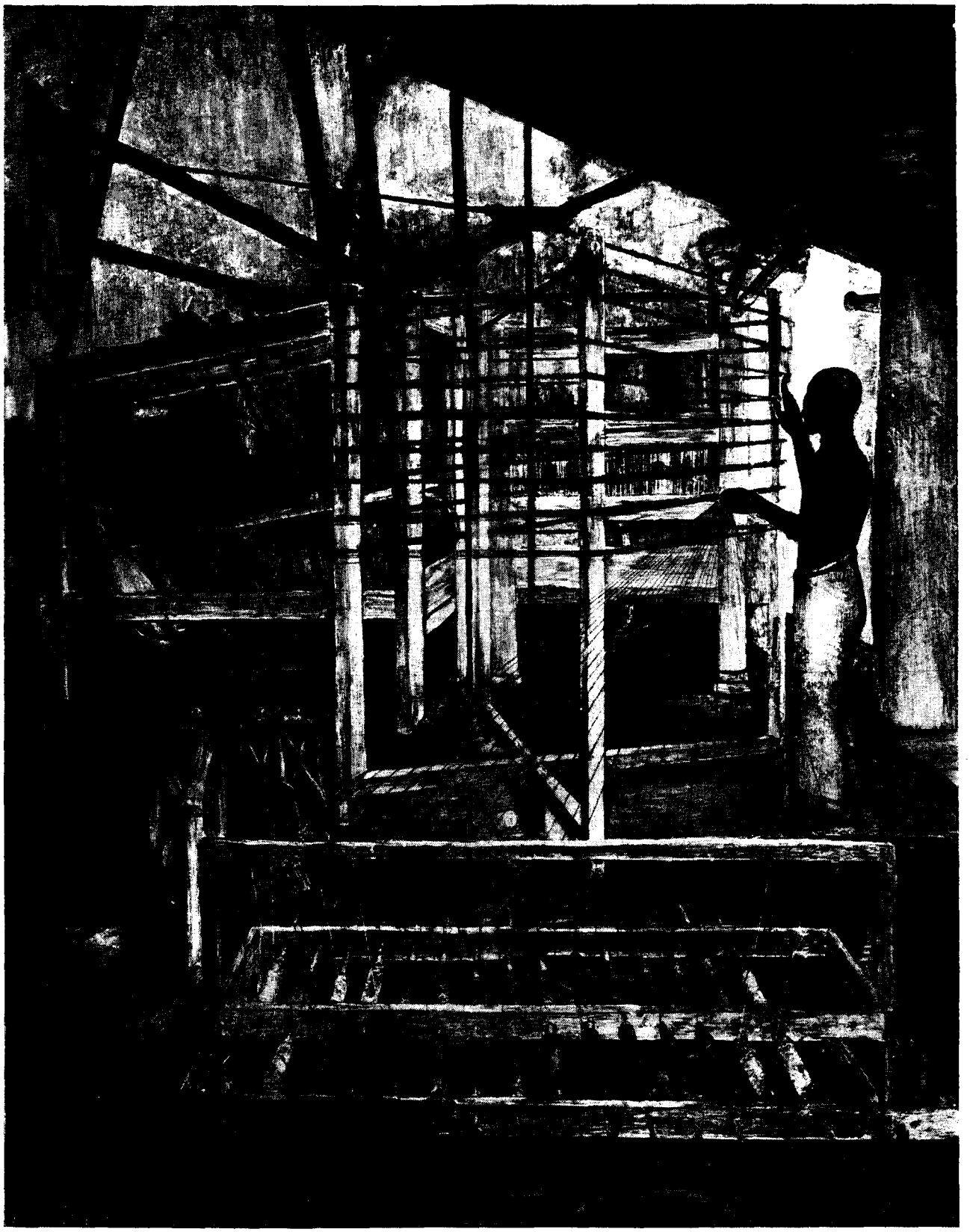

THE WEAVERS

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THE DYERS

a word, it seemed that all things natural, undecorated and innocent were ugly and horrible.

We were attacked on political grounds. In newspapers, by poster, and in public speeches we were called Bolsheviki, revolutionists, communists, socialists and anarchists, by men who had no conception of what these things meant, but intended them as terms of insult. In the meantime, the members of the syndicate of painters and sculptors sat on their scaffolds and painted.

The loud voiced quarrelling of our critics had this effect: the public began to hear of our work, and painting became a current issue for the first time in several centuries. Every day the number of visitors to the Ministry and the Preparatory School was increased. They came, the bourgeoisie to scoff and laugh as always, the very sophisticated and prepared minds to enjoy; and the simple honest Indian, finding there something recognizable and human, came to love the paintings. The Mexicans were getting aroused to the fact that something was going on of the utmost importance to the nation—an art that went hand in hand with revolution, more powerful than war and more lasting than religion.

Today, all the painters are working, some as members of the syndicate, others as individuals. Clausel and Atl, two members of an older generation, have renewed their labors. The children in the schools are studying by the system devised and perfected by Best. New personalities have emerged who give brilliant promise, such as Abrahan Angel, Rodriquez Lozano, and Clemente Orozco. We find ourselves in the beginning of an enlightened period, comparable to the eras of poetry in China, or to one of the grand Italian epochs of painting.

We will grow as the spirit of liberty grows in Mexico and in the world. I cannot say that we, the artists of Mexico, have yet regained that unanimity of purpose which constructed the pyramids of Teotihuacan, or the Maya temples; we are still hampered by personal ambitions, and the peevish habit of breaking up into infinitesmal dissenting groups on minor points of doctrine. Naturally, that is to say, humanly, all wish to be first in the house of beauty. We have yet to learn that the dream is greater than the man.

But these things pass, and the work remains. We have a lucid, tremendous idea, and a powerful force is its ally. This force is, I believe, the profound, vehement desire of the Mexican people for a richer and more eloquent life, freedom to flower from within; for a life in which every man shall be both artist and worker, and above all a liberated human being.

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The Missionary from the U. S. A.

By CHARLES A. THOMSON

THIS is not propaganda. A rash statement, perhaps, prefacing a discussion with the above title. For prejudice usually paints the picture of the missionary. His partizans see him in the gallant armor of the hero; the halo of the saint crowns him. But his critics tend to caricature and garb him in the attenuated Prince Albert of the fanatic.

"Pale, pious and pulmonary—dressed like freaks and expectant of incarceration in a cannibal" is not a consistently correct description of missionaries. Neither did Robert Louis Stevenson achieve a universal definition, when he termed one missionary of his acquaintance "the most attractive, simple, brave and interesting man in the whole Pacific."

If the truth must out, let it out early. The American missionary in Mexico is not a freak; nor, on the other hand, does he automatically excite in every one he meets an inferiority complex. On the surface, he is not easily distinguishable from that essentially representative figure, the man in the street. Taken on the average, he is quite an average individual. Among his tribe he numbers both fanatics and heroes; and occasionally the two coalesce in one and the same personality. There are narrow sectarians and tolerant Christian statesmen. There are those whose enthusiastic iconoclasm toward everything Roman Catholic recalls the exclamation of the Irishman, jubilantly engaged in the demolition of a religious edifice: "Faith, I nivir had sich a foine job—tearin' down a Protestant church and gettin' foive dollars a day for it." There are others who foresee that their most valuable contribution may appear in a by-product: that to stimulate the established religion into more vital life may be more important than the development of a Protestant church or churches. With the late Viscount Bryce they agree, that Mexico in common with the rest of Latin America, suffers from a "grave misfortune" in the "absence of a religious foundation for thought and conduct." They are concerned that that foundation be laid; but it is relatively unimportant whether the stones he placed by their own guild or by another.

Yet isn't propaganda tilting the lid? To keep that Jack in his box and out of the pulpit we want to forget that the missionary is interested in religion, even that he has any religion. We want to look at him, instead, as an active and interesting social atom. He is, if we may borrow the language of physics, a little whorl in society, a center for centripital as well as centrifugal forces. Certain influences come together to make him what he is; certain other influences he is throwing off into that society which is Mexico.

THE American missionary in Mexico is an American. Another rash statement; but in spite of its daring, it is true. Of course no one expects him to be a Mexican. No one pretends that he is, least of all himself. *"Es omericano"*, says the Mexican simply; and to his own mind he thus sums up both the virtues and the faults of the missionary. He is an American. That is, living in the midst of a Latin culture, he remains an Anglo-Saxon. He is always more or less of an outlander. So naturally and thoroughly has Americanization taken with him, that Mexicanization proves a difficult inoculation.

"No greater problem confronts the missionary enterprise . . . in so far as its agents are Anglo-Saxons, than that of sympathetic penetration into the Latin American spirit." Thus spake in 1916 the Panama Congress, representing all the missionary agencies at work in Latin America. Sympathetic penetration into the Latin American spirit! It is a problem—for the American missionary in Mexico.

For, in the first place, he comes to Mexico with the missionary motive. His mission is to uplift. He comes because he wants to help; and he believes he can.

IN the Alameda, Mexico City's verdant Central Park, stands a statue. *"Malgré tout"* is the title. It represents the figure of a woman, the body prone upon the ground, the feet bound with shackles, and the hands tightly chained behind the back. Apparantly her position is hopeless. Yet the marble lives, and her whole body is tense with suppressed effort; one knee is bent as she strains to rise; the eyes are lighted by the glow of faith, and her whole countenance is set with the determination to rise *malgré tout*, in spite of all.

That statue is Mexico. So the missionary sees her. Borne down by ignorance, violence, poverty; shackled by superstition, fear, bigotry, she is alive with faith none the less, and determined to rise *malgré tout*, to conquer in spite of all the difficulties that confront her. And the missionary has come to help. He has come to lift her up.

Some Americans seeing Mexico down have considered it an excellent time to jump on her. Not so the missionary. Others may sneer at "uplifting"; not he. We remember those words of Sumner in his Folkways: "Missions always offer something from above downward. They contain an assumption of superiority and beneficence." Does the missionary motive enclose a subtle temptation, the temptation to patronize and condescend? Is he who comes to teach always ready to learn? Does the benefactor clearly understand him whom he would benefit? Sometimes the very motive of the missionary may hinder a "sympathetic penetration into the Latin-American spirit."

The American missionary in Mexico is an American. But in Mexico how hard it is not to be inordinately American. Science, education, political democracy are the household gods of the missionary's homeland. The first has begotten the machine and a comfort level unprecedentedly high; the offspring of the second is the public school; of the third, the ballot. Carrying such *penates* the missionary came to Mexico. He found a society, which in spite of

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its 16,000 miles of railroad and the rush of flivvers in the capital city, still largely travelled the gentle gait of the Middle Ages. Cheap labor still did the work of machinery; comfort had not been democratized. And only the other day, in fact, a vivid young student from Mexico, quite carried away by her first real American kitchen and all its mechanisms, exclaimed: "Why, aren't we barbarians!"

COMING from a culture where a taste for newspaper woodpulp is universal, he found in Mexico an illiteracy of seventy-five per cent. The public school was largely the private privilege of the wealthier classes. And as for the ballot, it was a polite and proper formality, but in the realities of politics hardly to be compared in effectiveness with the rifle.

In the cult of his household gods, the missionary found Mexico unskilled. Of science, of education, of democracy, she evidently has much to learn. (In passing, let it be noted that she *is* learning.) Touching the three foundation elements of the missionary's native culture, she was lamentably deficient. What more likely than that her whole culture was deficient! Is not evidence on three good and sound particulars sufficient for a generalization? And so the origin of the missionary, his cultural background, has made difficult the path of sympathetic penetration.

Still another factor must be noted. Had the missionary all the sympathy in the world, he would have found Mexican society noticeably "stiff-jointed," if we may use Goldenweiser's word. Customs were rigid; they still are, though to less degree. No change happened without much creaking. In the field of religion, especially, was this rigidity noticeable. For there, to the natural strength of social inertia, was added the resistance of vested interest. An autocratic organization, of marked dogmatism and bigotry, dominated; it spoke with authority and suffered no contradiction. Its most deadly hatred was reserved for the heretic, for the religious radical. And a Protestant missionary in a Roman Catholic society is most certainly a religious radical; for he questions the foundations of religious authority.

Enter then the missionary. Say that he came with sympathy, that he wanted to understand. But too soon he found that he was knocking at doorways already stoned up. Authority had spoken, and he was an outcast. In some cases, so severe was the ban that no shopkeeper would sell him food; the stage driver refused him passage. Though he would enter in, he found himself locked out—locked out at least from the cultured and cultivated classes.

And what was the consequence? He was shut in as a member of a minority group. His companions were his fellow-workers, and the few among the more humble classes whom he could help and thus win. His group was shunned and looked down upon. He was cut off from the main currents of society. And so he found his life in his group, and turned again with intensified conviction to the values of his native culture. In many cases, Mexico has made the American missionary more American.

But Mexican society is limbering up. The last Revolution proved an effective oscillator. Stiff-joints were loosened. The old obstacle of blind prejudice is disappearing. But a new one has appeared. In the Mexico of today there breathes a new influence, which makes more difficult and at the same time more essential the missionary's "sympathetic penetration into the Latin American spirit." It is the resurgence of nationalism—but a cultural even more than a political nationalism.

MEXICO does not want to be Americanized. That is emphatically true of her young intellectuals; not so true of her business men. She is unanimous, however, in not wanting a military-political invasion from the north. She sometimes thinks that she might profit from an economic invasion; but her experience with the oil men has left her dubious.

And as for a cultural invasion—an Americanization of Mexico—she is more sure than ever that she does not want it. The United States has its culture; much of it is good, and Mexico would be better off with it. (This subject is treated in detail in almost any American traveler's book.) But much of it is bad, or would be so for Mexico, say her spokesmen. Consequently, under the leadership of José Vasconcelos, minister of education, there is a movement back to those fountains from which Mexico's culture has sprung. The art students are diligently studying the motifs of Mexico's mysterious and fascinating pre-historic civilizations. Manuel Gamio, through his vast and comprehensive program, in which archeology and the modern social survey are linked, is establishing a genetic relationship between the Indian before Cortez and the Indian who is at the base of Mexico's modern problems. And on the other hand, there is progressing a revaluation of the contributions of Spain; the modern historian looks with a more kindly, a more lenient, and almost with a grateful eye upon the raw and reckless exploits of the conquistadores. The Mexican folk-song, too, whose simple and melancholy beauty rises out of the heart of the people, is coming to new appreciation.

BUT let's get back to the American missionary. He is in Mexico as an interpreter of that Protestant Christianity which predominates in the United States. He is there because he believes that such an interpretation functions socially in a superior way to the interpretation which Mexico has enjoyed for the past four centuries. But his interpretation comes to Mexico, of course, from the north; and so it must bear the same critical survey which all importations from that source now face. It may be significant that though the intellectual leaders of the new Mexico have largely departed from the pale of the established church, they have yet with rare exceptions to enter the Protestant communions. It may be doubted if their reason is irreligion.

Although the American missionary has remained essentially American, that fact has not prevented him from playing an important role in the development of the Mexico which is coming to be. It must be admitted that he has not built up a large church, even after half a century of labor. He now represents fourteen or more Protestant denominations. Accurate and complete statistics are exceedingly rare; estimates place the number of Protestant church members anywhere between twenty-five thousand and one hundred thousand. But even the larger figure represents a small group in a nation of fifteen million. These churches, also, are largely American, reproductions of American denominationalism in their creeds, their polity, their forms of worship. Already, however, the spirit of nationalism is stirring. They,

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too, are echoing the words of Emerson: "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak with our own minds." The Protestant churches in Mexico are beginning to dream of a national unity; they have started on the way to become an integral part of Mexican life.

But the influence of the missionary has not been held within the narrow, numerical limits of the Protestant churches. It has overspread those bounds and quietly seeped through a large part of Mexican society. Space will permit us to note but two of the social effects of his efforts.

In the first place, he has made a distinct contribution to the functioning of political democracy in Mexico. Though his converts have come largely from the poorer classes, many with his cooperation have lifted themselves in the economic scale, and become solid and substantial members of the body politic. His efforts have made for the enlargement of the middle class, that nourisher of democracy, which heretofore has formed so thin a slice in the national sandwich.

His schools also have rendered excellent service. They have built up a group which, escaping from the intellectual straitjacket of authority, is set free to think for itself. By its independence it has contributed decidedly to the reality of democratic discussion and also of democratic action.

The Protestants in their struggle for individual religious freedom may have been led to a keener appreciation of social and political freedom. Anyway, in Mexico's recent social revolution (1911-1921) they played a part out of all proportion to their numbers. A high government official, runs the story, was visited by representatives of a semi-political, pro-clerical organization; they vigorously protested against the many political favors shown to the Protestants. "But, gentlemen," responded the official, "the Protestants entered heart and soul into the Revolution, which placed us where we are. And you, what did you do?" No answer was left to the pro-clerical conservatives and they withdrew. The story may be apocryphal. But it illustrates a fact.

THE stimulation of a social conscience, the recognition of social responsibility, we note as the missionary's second contribution. In spite of certain events of these recent months, it may be said that Mexico is transferring her most intelligent interest from political to social problems. For this new emphasis the missionary may not claim all the credit; but he deserves some. His interest in education has been unflagging. He has seen, also, the relation of intemperance and vice to poverty; and against the blind faith of certain political leaders in legislative enactment, he has argued for the education of public opinion as an inescapable preliminary for any permanent reform.

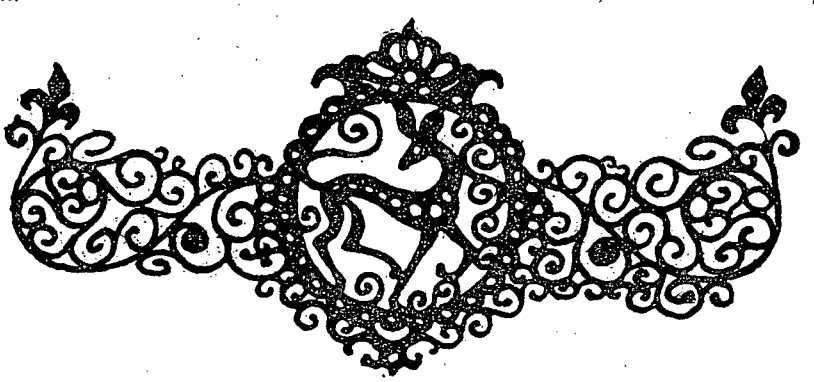
He has proclaimed the responsibility of the fortunate for the unfortunate. Charity in Mexico, as in all Latin countries, has been dominated by the church tradition. The good woman gave to the beggar at the church door, not primarily to help him, but because alms-giving was a part of her religious discipline. It was necessary to her own soul's salvation. She was quite willing to have the poor always with her; the beggar provided a convenient receptacle for alms.

But with alms-giving her interest in the poor ceased. Wealth in Mexico has always been far less conscious of its social responsibility than wealth in the United States. If it has given at all, it has done so for selfish and not social reasons; because it craved the pleasurable sensation of benefaction, or perhaps that more permanent spiritual good, credit on the ledgers of heaven. That the fortunate owe anything to the unfortunate, that society is responsible for its own infirmities, is still strange doctrine in Mexico. But to the missionary must go some of the credit that it is doctrine at all.

TODAY Mexico is most interested in the removal of social and economic injustice. With the energy, the faith, the enthusiasm, the idealism, the violence, the impatience of youth, she has addressed herself to the task. She is engaged in the process of making herself over. Her decade of revolutionary disorder was basically a crusade against the old order. But with that old order, and with many of its injustices, was tied up the established religion. For that reason, and not because of Marx, many of the new leaders are fiercely anti-clerical and sometimes anti-religious. Let us cite a crude but vivid illustration.

One of Mexico's great labor leaders was haranguing a vast throng of Indians in Yucatan; over the dusky sea of faces flared the wild light of torches. "In the name of God, who is called love, you have been beaten, kicked, wounded, killed; in the name of Jesus, the humble, you have been oppressed, enslaved and robbed of your houses and your lands; in the name of Mary, the mother of God, your wives have been dishonored, your sisters and your daughters have been raped. But now in the name of the devil, you have your houses, you have your lands, you have your families." Such were his words. And as the voice of one man, the whole vast multitude responded: *"Viva el diábolo! Viva el diábolo!"*

But man is incurably religious. The builders of the coming Mexico will prove no exception to that rule; and there lies the opportunity of the missionary. If he can interpret to them a religion which is socially constructive, which serves as did its Founder, he will—But stop, isn't this propaganda?



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An Early Portrait of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz

To a Portrait of the Poet

By SOR JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ

Translated by Katherine Anne Porter

JUANA DE ASBAJE, in religion Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, was, like most great spirits, at once the glory and the victim of her age. She was born in Mexico in 1651, of aristocratic Spanish parentage, and won the respect of the most advanced scholars of her time by her achievements in mathematics, astronomy, languages, and poetry. Her austere, impassioned and mystical mind led her to the cloister, where she ended by renouncing her studies, and writing out her confession of faith in her own blood.

THIS which you see is merely a painted shadow
Wrought by the boastful pride of art,
With falsely reasoned arguments of colours,
A wary, sweet deception of the senses.

This picture, where flattery has endeavored
To mitigate the terrors of the years,
To defeat the rigorous assaults of Time,
And triumph over oblivion and decay —
Is only a subtle careful artifice,
A fragile flower of the wind,
A useless shield against my destiny.

It is an anxious diligence to preserve
A perishable thing: and clearly seen
It is a corpse, a whirl of dust, a shadow,—
nothing.

SHE was, in her beauty, her learning and her Catholicism, the perfect flowering of seventeenth century European civilization in the New World, a civilization imperfectly transplanted, imposed artificially, due to be swept away by the rising flood of revolution. But her own pure and candid legend persists and grows, a thing beloved for its unique beauty. She died in her forty-fifth year of a plague which swept Mexico City. This sonnet is almost literally translated.

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The Catholic Church and the Future of Mexico

By ANTHONY CROCKER

THE superficial student of Mexican history and Mexican social, economic and political conditions might feel somewhat disconcerted at the present relations between the government and the Catholic Church of that country, and might ask himself very seriously whether the Catholic Church will play any substantial role in the future development of Mexican life.

Few countries in the world can present a closer relation between Church activities and the life of the nation than Mexico. Mexico is the creation of the Catholic Church. Its evolution has been either the result of an uninterrupted Church activity or the product of conflicts between Church activities and opposing interests. Latin America bears the deep imprint of Catholic work. From the missionaries exploring the deserts of Sonora and California, enriching geography and ethnology, leaving monuments which shall never perish in the deep marks borne by the population of our Southwest, even if the old *misiones* disappear from the face of the earth, to the Friars who taught the Indians to read, and who defended them against the *encomenderos* in Mexico and Central America; to the men who went with Balboa, with Pizarro, with Valdivia; to the Jesuits who lived, suffered and died, and converted and civilized in the dense forests of Paraguay and Brazil, the first foundations of civilization in these lands were laid by the Catholic Church, and though the superstructure may be changed by new doctrines and fads, as soon as the student digs a little in the dust of the past he will find the solid rock of the Catholic Faith underlying the whole structure of Latin American life.

Mexico can not open any of the great pages of her history without finding there either the name of a Catholic priest, or the strain of Catholic inspiration, or the conflict between Catholicism—or at least the Catholic clergy—and the forces aiming to destroy the former and to curb the activities of the latter.

Three hundred years of Spanish domination were three hundred years of undisturbed Catholic life. The country lived in peace and prospered, as did the other Spanish possessions, at a more rapid pace than the English or French colonies, exploited by their mother countries, advanced on the road of progress.

AT the very beginning of Mexican history and life, the names of Pedro de Gante, of Motolinía, of Zumárraga, and of scores and scores of priests and missionaries appear, bearing testimony to the wonderful work of the Catholic Church.

The educational work of the Church went along parallel with the work of conversion—the missionaries, poor, barefooted, living exactly the same as the Indians lived, suffering as they suffered, taught them to read and pray. The priest was the teacher. The natives had the right to become priests, which shows the entire equality established by the church between the conquerors and the Indians. The name of the Franciscan Pedro de Gante is associated with the first efforts displayed in Mexico to educate the masses. He established the first school. In the 18th century the Franciscans had colleges in Querétaro, Zacatecas, Pachuca and other places. The Jesuits established the College of San Pedro y San Pablo, and the first college for the Indians, which was called San Gregorio. When they were expelled they had colleges all over the country. During the Spanish domination the education of young men was mainly in the hands of this order. Colleges were opened everywhere and the old names are still remembered, showing the Church influence. The greatest Mexican statesmen, even those opposed to the Church, came out from the benches of the parish schools. The greatest writers of the colonial period and of the first two-thirds of the independent life of Mexico were either priests or had been under the influence of the priests. When the Jesuits were expelled from Spain and the Spanish Colonies, many prominent Mexicans went to live in Italy and there wrote in Spanish works that are monuments to Mexican learning. In works of charity and social uplift the Church was still more efficient than in the works of education. Mexicans can never forget the hospitals for the poor, as well as the asylums for old people and for orphans, and the houses established for the redemption of fallen women —supported by the Catholic Church. These works continued during administrations professedly opposed to the Church.

THE movement for independence, the import, the causes, the purposes, the immaturity, the errors and the lofty ideals of which will not be discussed here, broke out; and it was led by a priest. Father Hidalgo died for the cause of liberty; and so did the greatest hero of the Mexican war for independence, Morelos, who girded a sword around his cassock and led armies to victory and bravely and serenely went to his death for his cause. Matamoros also was a priest and there were many other clergymen who fought in the fields of battle or who wrote for the cause of independence, while other dignitaries of the Church attacked the revolution.

The history of Mexico as an independent country is a history of blood and hatred. No country in America has pages so red as those which Mexico has in its records. In the middle of all the frays, and discounting minor issues and personal ambitions, there seems to have been a development of two opposing tendencies: the steady, constructive, conservative, and even, in individual instances, reactionary work of the clergy, wanting to keep what already existed and looking askance at new developments, and the restless, destructive, idealistic work of those who, inspired by the movements of foreign countries or by (*Continued on page* 189)

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Rubbing Shoulders on the Border

ROBERT N. McLEAN

I HAD met a Mexican woman at a Bisbee church service—a church with which she had recently united. And with that gracious courtesy which makes the Mexican's home your home, I had been invited to dine with the family.

According to instructions I followed Brewery Gulch. I stumbled over rocks and waterpipes laid upon the surface of the ground; dodged washing hanging in back yards; looked strange dogs squarely in the eye, and was crowded out of the path by burros.

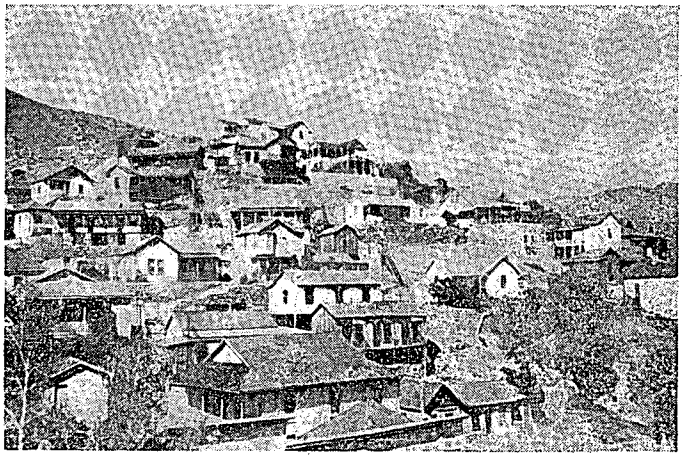
If the directions had been given to locate a menagerie or a circus, the way would have been easier. Three dogs came running down the rickety steps to greet, or look me over, I was not sure which. Upon part of the ledge which had been laboriously cut in the side of the mountain, chickens crowded each other to scratch and pick at the dry ground. Across a sagging wire fence, countless rabbits nibbled with pink noses at faded lettuce leaves. On the porch above, three cages full of birds made sweet concord which was constantly interrupted by the raucus voice of a red-headed parrot in a cage near by.

It was something of a task to keep one's eye on the dogs, and upon the rickety steps at the same time.

"Welcome to Miraminas," said my host. I turned and looked. Far below, the houses stretched row on row to the bottom of Brewery Gulch. Winding in and out among them went the men and the burros, following the trails that are Bisbee's streets. In the distance the great shovels were tearing away the bowels of Sacramento Hill. From here, if anywhere, one could see the mines.

"*Pase,* brother-in-law!" my host interrupted my reverie. And then, at my look of wonder, added with an expansive grin: "My wife calls everybody in the church 'brother' and 'sister,' so you must be my brother-in-law."

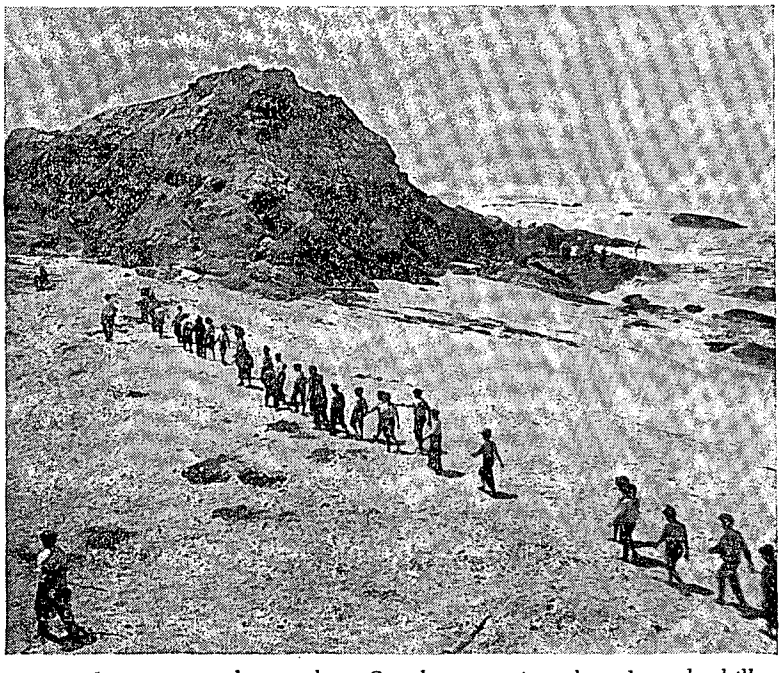
My new-found brother-in-law was undeniably fat. Knowing that he was night chef in a large hotel, I decided that he must be taking good advantage of his opportunities. As he bowed me into the house, there were three things about him which lingered in my mind: Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, including a boiled shirt, the usual broad-brimmed mustache which always seems to me part of a Mexican's clothing, and small brown eyes that humorously twinkled in the layers of fat as lonesome stars twinkle in a broad dark sky.



The houses stretched row on row to the bottom of Brewery Gulch

As we ate we talked. I heard the story of coming to America; of getting a job and a home in a foreign land. Then the account of the removal of the strange family of pets from El Paso to Bisbee. It seemed that at a sudden screech of the whistle, a cat had jumped out of the car window, whereupon the family detrained with the animals at the next station and returned to hunt the cat!

With some pride, my host showed me the place. "Your home," he added; and I knew that before me was a transplanted Mexican; a man who will live with his wife and his queer family of animals until they carve for him a last resting place in the red soil of the hills.



Marching across the sands to Sunday morning chapel on the hill

THEN arose naturally the question of American citizenship. The answer was accompanied by one of those expressive Mexican gestures; a gesture which in this instance made chills chase each other down my back.

"No," he said, "and if I should become an American citizen my neighbors would cut my throat."

There are hundreds of thousands of transplanted

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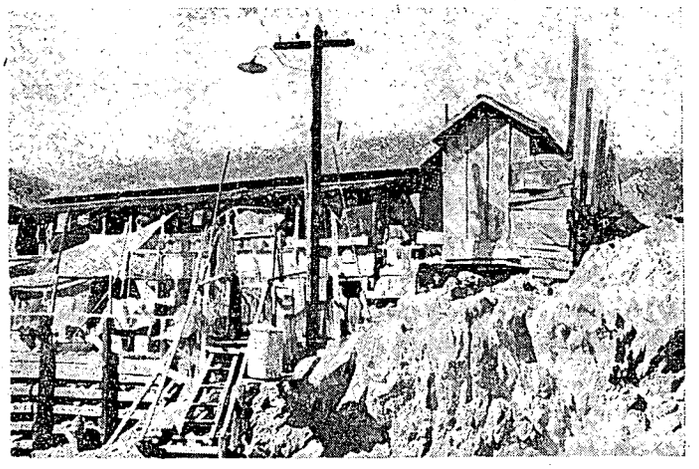
Mexicans with whom we Americans rub shoulders on the border, who feel just the same way. They work here, live here, will die here, but Mexicans they intend to remain until the end of the chapter. There are 18,774 Mexican school children in Los Angeles, an enrollment which reveals a population of at least one hundred thousand; and yet the naturalization office shows that an average of about one a month becomes an American citizen. El Paso, with a population which is half Mexican, naturalizes between twenty and thirty a year.

It is true that naturalization is not always followed by swift decapitation; and yet it is just as true that social ostracism and abuse are often heaped upon those Mexicans who determine definitely to cast their lot with America.

This peculiar attitude on the part of the Mexican immigrant has an historical, a temperamental, and a social background. The Pole who crosses the Atlantic knows that he is going to a foreign country; the Mexican, it may be in a journey of a couple of hours crosses an invisible line, and continues to mingle with his countrymen. The European alien realizes that he is going to a land whose blessings he is privileged to share; the Mexican knows he is entering territory that used to belong to Mexico, and which he even dreams may some day be returned. And so while the immigrant from across the Atlantic arrives with the dream of becoming an American citizen, it is doubtful if among the two or three million Mexicans who have crossed the Rio Grande, a dozen ever came with any such intention.



"Welcome to Miraminas" said my host

THERE are weeds of hatred growing along the border, the seeds of which were sown back in the days of the Mexican war. I once borrowed a Mexican school history from a Mexican friend in El Paso; and riding all day over the land that was Mexico, I spent interested hours looking at the United States through Mexican eyes. His very ignorance of the language increases his difficulty. Having two Spanish words for the English word "swear," and knowing that to become a citizen he must forswear allegiance to Mexico, he sometimes fancies he is being asked to curse the fatherland; and with fiery patriotism, he declares he will die first.

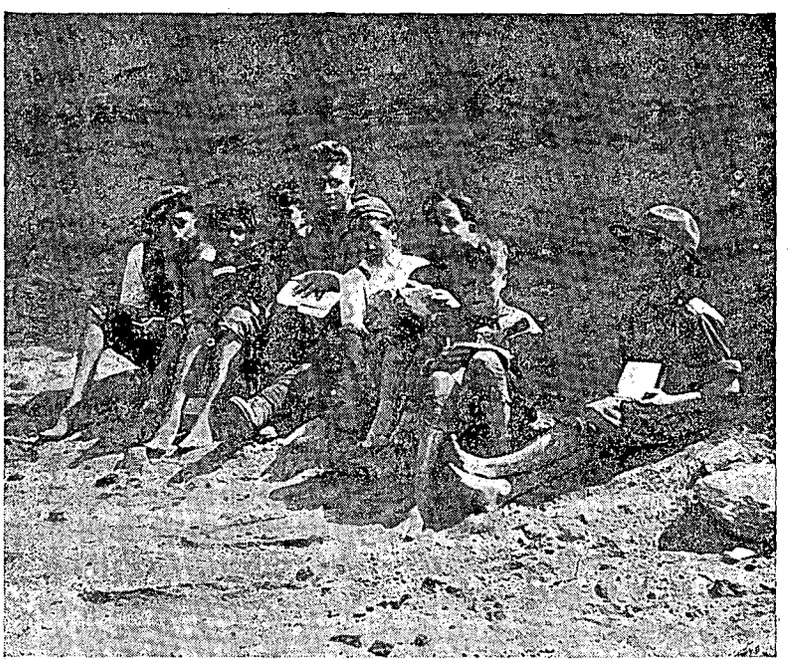
Rubbing shoulders with such an alien is producing some friction along the border, which is due also to a clash of temperaments. Added to his Latin nature, which is of course well understood, the Mexican is an Indian. In fact he is more proud of the latter infusion than he is of the former. Now the Indian for centuries lived a life of watchfulness. He cultivated his fields with his weapon by his side. When he wandered in the forest, or climbed the flinty mountains, he was constantly on guard. Discovering a strange object upon the plain, he approached it by narrowing circles. Every peculiar sound was for him the signal to seek cover, while from his point of vantage he decided whether the noise was made by friend or foe.

The modern Mexican follows the same tactics. Every proposition, every letter, every introduction, is viewed first with suspicion. A new sensation reaching the point of apperception, must be carefully examined as to its possibilities for personal harm. But once a decision is reached, the commitment on the part of the Mexican is complete.

I have some Mexican friends with whom I rub shoulders constantly, and I must always reckon with this temperamental background. Would I call one of them upon the telephone, and present a matter which is entirely new? Then I must realize that an immediate answer is impossible. The sound is strange; its origin must be examined carefully, and from cover. The answer must be deferred. He must be advised of every new matter "with anticipation."

Now the American prides himself upon his quick decisions. He has even coined a phrase to describe the way he acts; it is "right off the bat." His love of speed convinces him that the Mexican has no idea of the value of time, while the Mexican feels sure that the American is simply rude. And rubbing shoulders in the doing of a common task, there is every opportunity for misunderstanding. A Mexican and an American teamed together on anything like terms of equality do not pull well, simply because they differ in judgment of values, and because they differ in speed.

With such dissimilarities, each race is inclined to look down upon the other. To the American, the amenities are pure tinsel; to the Mexican they are of the very stuff of (*Continued on page* 201)



Mexican children and their missionary friend

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EDITORIALS

WE should have to go back to the days of the Italian Renaissance for a great prototype of what is happening today in Mexico. Then a fire of new ideals, generated in the brains and souls of a group of young artists and writers, spread through a world, reinvigorating as it went; so in Mexico, a similar group of young enthusiasts—for many of them are young in years, and all are young in spirit—have caught up ideals which have enflamed a people. They are finding expression in art, literature, education, politics, in an emphatic statement of the importance of the individual, and of his goal in the common welfare. Just as Boccaccio, Leonardo, Galileo voiced the spirit of the Italian Renaissance, so do Rivera, Gamio, Vasconcelos, Atl and others, though working in varied mediums, make articulate the promise of a new day in Mexico.

It may not be flattering to the American sense of superiority, but as a matter of fact, the culture of the Mexican, tarnished as it may be by centuries of ignorance and poverty, is an older culture than our own; and culture is a slow growing plant. Our civilization, ignoring what we have borrowed from Greece and Rome, goes back a few centuries, and then is lost in the forests of Northern Europe. It begins with a race of long-bearded barbarians who varied an existence of hunting and fighting with drunken carousals in their mead halls. The Mexican culture, with all its deficiencies goes back on the Latin side to Roman civilization; on the Indian to the Toltecs, Mayas and Aztecs. From these it draws much of symbolism, of color, of art forms which enable us of the drab North to visualize what is going forward. Monument and fresco, mural painting and vase, *corridos* and dance, the very variety and buoyance of the communal living are so many hieroglyphs which transcend the barrier of spoken and written language and make the task of intrepretation at once swifter and more interesting. These we have sought to employ in all their richness in translating life and labor south of the Rio Grande.

MR. TANNENBAUM speaks of Mexico as the threshold to a continent—a threshold opening on homelands to the south of us. But a threshold, raised a bit, becomes a buttress against inclement forces without. And Mexico has been such a buttress—has given to much of Central and South America that sense of security which the A B C hold in their own strength; time to develop without such interference by their powerful neighbor to the north as we have been guilty of with respect to the little states that rim the Caribbean.

The self-reliance of Mexico in holding that economic exploitation is a privilege granted to outside interests rather than a mandate to which must be subordinated the social destinies of a country, has, also, in a sense, acted as a buttress which has given our own forces for democracy and fundamental neighborliness a chance to find themselves. This relationship has been reciprocal. More than once in the last fifteen years, a corporal's guard of good will, often representing quite varied points of view, has helped to make for understanding and to fend off intervention when ignorance and speculative interests in the United States, civil turmoil and its traditional excesses in Mexico, stubbornness and temper at Mexico City and at Washington, had us all set for war. The satchels of money passed to get the naval oil reserves of Teapot Dome, the million dollar retainers offered former cabinet officers to get by private diplomacy what earlier had been sought by inciting armed intervention, give us some gage of the influences which at least twice since the opening of the century have brought us to the verge of conflict. With an ambassador at Mexico City, with a new and constructive line being taken by American business men toward Mexico, we forget the ugly temper which those who stood for friendliness had to face at earlier junctures. There were scholars among them, some few business men, social workers, labor leaders, radicals of the type which the Civic Federation, the National Defense Society, the New York Commercial like to paint with pitch. The well-placed respectable person who now talks reassuringly of comity throughout the new world could not be doing so except for these others. Except for them such constructive work in hygiene and education as Rose and Munro, Goldsmith and Duggan are carrying out in the international field for the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations would have been rendered next to impossible so far as the Americas go. Except for them, we should have been in Mexico; we should more than likely have found good and sufficient reasons for absorbing the oil fields and annexing the northern states: we should have had a police problem on our hands down to Panama and the ill will and mistrust of a continent for a century.

FOREMOST among these men should be mentioned the late John Murray, founder of the Pan American Federation of Labor. Murray was a Chicago trade unionist—a printer who with high courage and no funds carried his evangel of brotherhood north and south. He had first acted as secretary of a committee of which Jane Addams and Raymond Robbins were members, which prevented our State Department from turning over to the Diaz regime revolutionists held in Texas jails on trumped up charges of crime across the border. The Pan American Federation of Labor has proved a persistent and powerful influence for justice and understanding. Perhaps no other individual in the United States has labored more fruitfully in the field of friendship between the United States and Mexico than has Samuel Gompers. When the then Senator Fall spent himself in anti-Mexican propaganda and used a Senate committee for a sounding board, the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor in its report to the Montreal convention demanded that the Senate repudiate his report "as unworthy of America."

With Murray should be grouped John Kenneth Turner who did for submerged Mexico through the American Magazine what George Kennan had earlier done for Russia, John Reed and Lincoln Steffens who interpreted the later tangled

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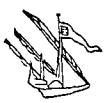
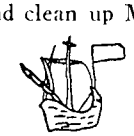
skein of revolution and civil war. There was one critical stage when Steffens single-handed in Washington, shuttling between the White House and the departments, giving his evidence that punctured the claims of the jingos, did more than all the newspapers of the country, both houses of Congress and the Cabinet combined, to help us keep our governmental heads—until President Wilson had made his temperate statement; and the country could be heard from.



THERE was another critical stage when Lillian D. Wald of the Nurses Settlement—then chairman of the American Union Against Militarism—by representations to the members of the American Commission then sitting may be said to have turned the scales. She and her associates were called pro-Mexican, traitors, pacifists, muddle-heads at the time—especially tools of Germany. Long afterwards it came out that the shoe was on the other foot, that German intrigue had tried to embroil us with Mexico to keep us busy on this side of the Atlantic. We should do well to recall George Foster Peabody, Edward T. Trowbridge and Henry Bruère who stood out among representatives of American investors for that breadth of spirit which later characterized Mr. Lamont's approach in the negotiations of the bankers, Mother Jones and Chester Wright among labor folk, Henrietta Rodman and Winthrop D. Lane of the Civic Club; David Lawrence who on one tense occasion had the initiative and integrity to go down to the Mexican capital, revise his earlier dispatches from Washington and unravel the misrepresentations from the border towns, the misinformation from navy sources; Secretary Baker, who at another crisis wanted to meet the Mexicans at the border instead of writing indictments at them like Mr. Lansing; Gen. Scott who did; former Governor Lind, personal representative of President Wilson and Mr. Bryan; Secretary Lane, Judge Gray and John R. Mott, of the official American Commission, and Leo S. Rowe, its secretary, now the director of the Pan American Union; Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the Methodist Church and Samuel Guy Inman of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America who knew their Mexico and who took their stand for truth and friendship when to do so cost reprisals upon their work with the missionary organizations; Crystal Eastman, Amos Pinchot, Agnes G. Leach, Henry R. Mussey, Charles T. Hallinan and their associates of the American Union Against Militarism; Oswald G. Villard and L. J. de Bekker in their trenchant work on the Evening Post and the Nation; Moorfield Storey and John F. Moors of Boston; Paul Kennaday, Frederick Lynch and the Friends of Mexico; Joseph P. Chamberlain, Christina Merriman and James G. McDonald of the Foreign Policy Association, which has submitted formidable briefs to the State Department.

The roster could be lengthened to fill this page but in all a mere handful;—yet enough, on various occasions to gain a bit of breathing space—to let inarticulate reaches of the public assert themselves against the oily slogan that "Sooner or later we've got to go down and clean up Mexico; better do it now."



TURN back in the files of your local newspapers to a hot week in the early summer of 1916 and you will find the front pages spread with the war scare from the streaming headlines at the top to the farthest corner. Note there perhaps one small item that gave any indication that there might be a different feeling unvoiced in the day's news—an El Paso date and a line saying that Dr. David Starr Jordan, chancellor emeritus of Leland Stanford University, had arrived at the border as a member of a committee appointed by the American Union Against Militarism to meet with a committee of Mexicans to see if where governments had failed citizens might find a way out. Sentiment at the border was at boiling point; there were proposals to run Dr. Jordan out of town. But an old student was A. P. representative at El Paso and sent out that dispatch and others that followed that, like the mouse in the fable, gnawed a strand in the net of propaganda and gave the public an inkling that war was not a settled fact and might be needless. Another of his old students was a leading banker who organized a picket of bankers. Night and day they kept post in the lobby of the hotel, so that nothing should be done to disgrace town and state and country in the treatment of this tall, angular, old educator who had the courage of his lifelong convictions.

"Watchful waiting" was not a satisfying formula to these disciples of affirmative good will; but as a buttress it served a purpose in a tense time; and made it possible that today we are on the threshold of an era of constructive friendship.

Spring *By Hendrik Willem Van Loon*

MAY DAY in Europe registers the revolutionary tide of the year—sometimes higher, sometimes lower. Those who passed the May Day of 1919 in Paris will not soon forget the stillness of the great city unbroken save by the shuffling of feet on the pavements, the distant muttering of angry mobs, the swift whirr of a military automobile, or the clatter of cavalry horses. They will not soon forget that terrifying flash of despair which seemed to flame in the straggling red banners borne along the boulevards, in the flare of the song of shabby marching men and women, torn by the budding beauty of spring in city squares and gardens. In our American countrysides May Day often passes unnoticed in the serious pageantry of spring; in our cities, beneath the surface gayeties of maypoles in the parks and charity fairs on the avenues, has more than once run the somber undercurrent of the processions of the unemployed. This year, by a singularly happy stroke of imagination, May Day has been dedicated to all the children of America and to the effort to give to each of them that wholeness of body and mind which might wipe out the old injustices and evils which ache within our social consciousness and mar the full miracle of the world re-born. Whether or not this really poetic impulse can be made strong enough to transcend the shackles of organization and give effective meaning to the old pagan festival, is measure of the strength and the integrity of those of us who give it at least lip service.

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THE OBREGON REGIME

(*Continued from page* 137)

through the United States to be distributed to strategic cneters. In the old Zapata districts, the Nahua race-elements were organizing into bands to harrass the rebels, and the Serranos of Oaxaca made a number of spontaneous attacks upon the capital of that state, then in rebel hands.

At the same time the Department of Agriculture, under Señor Ramón P. De Negri, speeded up its land-distribution work, speeded up its organization of village cooperatives, and sent special agents into various agrarian districts. In numerous states, such as Zacatecas, San Luis Potosí and Puebla, the attempts of the landed-proprietors to precipitate local revolts, resulted in confiscations of their holdings.

The rebel forces at the outset arrested or assassinated the local labor leaders and destroyed labor headquarters. This was especially true in various parts of Vera Cruz, where the Fascist movement had its strongest centers. I recently talked with a leader of the Confederation of Labor from Orizaba who had been given the alternative of being shot or joining the rebel forces. He agreed to enlist but soon escaped, walking over the mountains in bare feet to reach the capital. Most of the Orizaba workers deserted the factories and entrenched themselves in the surrounding hills. As the federal troops advanced, the workmen harrassed the rear of the enemy.

As time went on the De la Huerta forces began to feel the growing weight of sentiment piling up against them. The charge that they represented the proprietor-church interests, that they were supporting the traditional enemies of Mexican internal freedom, gathered credence. Quite too late the rebel leaders made overtures to the various labor unions and even induced Hernán Proal, the most unruly agitator of Vera Cruz, to support the movement, even going to the point of engraving his picture on postcards. A vague program was put forth which flirted with liberal and revolutionary slogans without definitely pledging the revolters to anything definite. The De la Huerta propaganda office in Vera Cruz even went so far as to declare that it represented the real aspirations of Mexican labor and appealed to the American Federation. President Gompers promptly sent word to the Mexican government that he placed no faith in these attestations; the International Machinist's Union attacked De la Huerta for the assassination of Felipe Carrillo.

Not only did these events tend to clarify the character of the support behind government and rebels, but the foreign policy of Obregon now bore fruit. Charges have been made before the Senate committee investigating Teapot Dome that American oil interests had a finger in the recent trouble. That any American oil support of De la Huerta was well-organized or general seems doubtful. Obregon's clever stimulation of law-abiding companies had already put a new face upon the oil situation. The previous arrangement for payment of the national debt had already caused the American banking interests to bring the oil people into line; the resultant recognition of the Obregon Government by Washington—all led to the definite support of the constituted authorities during the recent upheaval. This unfortunately makes impossible the boast of the Mexican government that it has survived without American aid. But on the other hand that aid was gained, not by bowing to the early Fall-Hughes-Harding demands which sought to encroach upon the sovereignty and dignity of Mexico, but as a result of a consistent, well-visioned assertion of independence. The oil question was solved without giving away the government's rights in the sub-soil. The Obregon government gained recognition without betraying any of the principles on which it came into power; and it gained aid from the United States during the recent turmoil as a friendly sovereign nation. All during the past few months, the Obregon government has been quick to protest against any action that seemed to infringe the national sovereignty; and the American government, for perhaps the first time in thirteen years, has quickly and courteously complied.

This angle of the matter is, however, subordinate regardless of how much we may like to pat ourselves on the back for having "saved Mexico." The Obregon government at bottom owes its survival, owes the aid, aid it seemed from us, to the fact that during the previous three years of peace, it had solidified the social regime.

NO country can be reorganized in three years. Obregon is passing on to later administrations some major problems.

He has proved that Mexico can stand upon her feet The finances of the country have been put upon a strong basis; the tax-laws revised; open plundering of the treasury eliminated. He has managed through a constructive and economical policy to gain the confidence of other nations; and Mexico is one of the few countries in the world attempting to meet its foreign obligations.

The railroad service has consistently improved, thousands of miles of road-bed have been relaid; steady purchases of rolling-stock have been made. Nevertheless, the railroad problem still remains the most pressing outstanding issue in the country. Not only are rapid extensions necessary, not only does the service need further improving, not only do the roads still face an annual deficit, but the problem of the devolution of the railways to their former owners has not been satisfactorily worked out. Nor has the Obregon administration succeeded in carrying out the program of establishing a *Banca Unico,* or of organizing the monetary circulation of the country on an elastic basis. Credit facilities in Mexico are almost non-existent; banking transactions are difficult and involved. The failure to meet the banking and monetary problems has also prevented any extensive development of irrigation and land-reclamation projects and has prevented the creation of a system of rural credit, both of which were intrinsic proposals of his revolution and would have greatly lessened the need of governmental expropriation of private land-holdings.

In spite of these deficiencies, the fundamental orientation of the Obregon regime toward social democracy and racial and regional autonomy, mark it as a departure in Mexican history. Everywhere, under the surface of Mexican life, are seething to-day the political, social and cultural aspirations of the indigenous and submerged elements; already indigenous culture has found significant expression: the painting of Deigo Rivera, the music of Ponce, the restimulation of the handicrafts. The rapid development of anthropological research, the avowed purpose of using it to buttress up the modern racial units and assist them in conserving their historic social and economic integrity; the

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extension of education, and the attempt to make it serve, not pedagogical crotchets but the practical betterment of the economic status of the people; the restoration of *ejidos* and the encouragement and revival of cooperative enterprise among the rural population—these undertakings, coupled with thorough pacification for three years, the establishment of the principal of free popular organization for shop and farm workers, and the reestablishment of Mexican prestige in the eyes of the world, are achievements which have written a bright page on Mexican history. But the brightest feature is found in the widening of the bases of social control, the respect for popular organization, the sincere understanding of the forces that are emerging from indigenous Mexico, which must be given, and are being given, free scope; which have been organized and permitted to contribute to the making of the nation of which they are the most basic part. Not so much in constructive achievements, although these are impressive, but in the social principles that have nourished the roots of the Obregon administrative policy is to be found the great contribution to Mexican progress.

It will be too much to expect that these principles will find consistent or unbroken application. Mexico has blundered through ten years of revolution, counter-revolution, and anarchy. But it is not too much to say that no Government in Mexico can hope to survive for any great length of time which does not respect popular organization, which does not respect the *patria chica* or regional and racial autonomy, which does not carry out agrarian reform to its logical conclusions. These have proved the three great handles to the pacification of Mexico; these provide the explanation of the steady success of the Obregon regime.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

(*Continued from page* 183)

theories read in foreign books, at times not well digested, aspired to give a larger scope to the liberties of the people.

The latter element blamed the Church for obstruction to progress and in fear that it would become unchangeable, like an idol or fetish, wanted to destroy it and with its debris build new forms of life, in a constant experimentation, which in time to come, so they believed—would realize the ideal of equality of life and of happiness.

The successive constitutions of Mexico have shown the effect of the alternate preponderance of the Church and anti-Church elements. The Constitution of 1857 was considered extremely liberal in its day. It met with the protest of the Church, on the ground of its wholesale limitations on the normal exercise of religion. The result was that the constitution and even the *Leyes de Reforma* (Reform Laws) were forgotten, although they were never repealed, during the prosperous and peaceful government of Porfirio Diaz. The clergy lived contented, in spite of restrictive laws, such as those that prohibited the existence of church property and others imposing undue restrictions on religious practices, until the revolution led by Madero broke out at the end of 1910, opening an era compared to which the bloody struggles of the past sink into utter insignificance.

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public officials. Those who practice the Catholic Faith are subject to persecution in many sections of the country, and Catholicism and whatever is connected with it is branded an anathema by those who preach, and put into practice, the newest doctrines of social revolution.

This apparently discouraging situation might lead to the belief that the influence of the Catholic Church in Mexico is a thing of the past and that the life of that country will be guided by its political and social leaders and never again in the name of the Cross of Christ.

There are indications that the Catholic Church will play a more important role in Mexico than in the past. The Catholic youth of Mexico are united and are presenting a strong front against anti-Catholic work. Each day fewer men feel ashamed to practice their religion openly and more and more feel ready to defend the sacred faith of their ancestors,—the faith which created Mexican civilization. The clergy feels itself under constant scrutiny and is very watchful not only of its own moral conduct but of its mental preparation. Many priests have traveled abroad either on their own volition or because they were exiled by the Revolution, and they have come in touch with foreign priests, especially Americans, and have gone back to Mexico with a higher concept of their requirements and of their mission. There has been constant movement in the Church of Mexico in recent years. It was necessarily suspended during the second period of the Revolution, when the personality of Madero, the over-idealistic leader, murdered by the brutality of a military clique, was replaced by the somber personality of Carranza. But now, in the third period of the Revolution, when the work of reconstruction has begun, the movement is coming out into the open, within the scope of its own rights, for in every civilized country even the opponents of the Church have to recognize that she is an essential element of the life of the country and has a right to play her role within the boundaries marked out by law. To live within the law—this is what the Church of Mexico now desires. The Revolution, representing a movement of reaction against the Church and clergy, has enacted laws which are works of persecution and tyranny, and which, if left on the law-books of the nation, will have to be forgotten and ignored (in fact they are now being ignored, at least partially, in some sections of the country), or else repealed and replaced by laws which would not give the clergy any special privileges, for it can not claim to enjoy any in the political organization, but which would grant to it the rights that any legitimate organization must enjoy in civilized communities.

Safeguarded within her own sphere of work, the Catholic Church will in all good faith abstain from playing politics and thus, in good time, ought to be protected within a position analogous to that of the Church in the United States of America; will own property for legitimate purposes and be guaranteed the right to teach freely. She must, and will have, the right to regulate by her own will the number of her ministers, and she will maintain a cultured and virtuous personnel—one that will command the respect of all, even of non-Catholics, as it does in the United States of America. Then she will fully reassume her leadership; she will be regarded by the government as of great assistance in the handling of national problems; she will be highly respected by the people, and again she will be the glory and pride of Mexico.

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THE EDUCATIONAL MISSIONARY

(*Continued from page 173*)

IN the south of Jalisco I stopped at the Aztec village of Tuxpan, where the ancient language is still spoken and their picturesque native costumes are still worn. The women are clothed in an almost mystic dress. They cover their heads with a fine hand woven *manto* of white linen which they call *joloton*. The skirt is made of rough black material with many hems. A group of Indian women together is a curious study in blacks and whites.

The men work in the fields; and the women make beautiful and original laces, for which they are famous. They work in a most primitive fashion, and it is incredible that such rough dark hands could create such fine laces.

We have gathered many of the products of these native handicrafts for exhibition by the Department of Education.

When I came to Chapala, the missionary teacher who was in charge of the district about the lake took me to see some of the night schools which were being conducted by the resident teachers. The night was dark and it rained. The road about the lake was uneven and broken. No coach was available, so we went by burro, and because we had been told that the road was not safe we were armed with pistols. It was a fantastic journey. The obscurity of the night was broken now and then by a strip of white wave from the lake. At Ajijic, a torrent of rain halted our journey. Later on we made our way to El Chante, San Juan Cosala, Nestipac and Jocotepec. In each of these villages, in spite of the rain and bad weather, gatherings of *Campesinos* were grouped about a poor light, listening to the voice of the teacher, who was giving lessons in reading and writing. Men of thirty and forty years who have never been in a school in their life now hungered for knowledge and after their day's work was over came long distances in the pouring rain to seek it.

THIS work of the educational missionaries is a task of pioneering. Culture in Mexico has heretofore been the privilege of certain social classes, and it is only now that it has been considered worth while to develop the intelligence of the workers in the fields and factories. And yet here is a people from whom we may expect an eager response, for they have never lost contact with life and are therefore prepared for the most significant truths. And they are as hopeful of the new day as was Don Leonardo.

He lives about half a mile's ride from Chapala on the little Isla de Los Alacranes (the Isle of the Scorpion). He is its sole inhabitant—a seventy-year old fisherman, who has spent fifty years on the island. He has built himself a kind of *choza* under a large tree and is known as *"El Robinson de la Isla de los Alacranes."*

One day I presented myself at the island. Don Leonardo received me graciously, and at midday shared his frugal meal with me. He roasted some carp in a pile of stones. That was all.

Don Leonardo had never been in a school. He knew nothing of books. When I told him of all that the central government was doing for the *Campesinos* and the workers in even the remotest parts of Mexico, he said to me in a voice filled with emotion and with tears in his eyes, "Fortunate are the people of this day! In my days we enjoyed nothing but the whip and misery."

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THE NEW CONQUEST

(*Continued from page* 146)

In the colonial epoch the folkloric life was still more comprehensive, including not only the natives and half breeds, but also the whites; while in pre-Hispanic times the intellect of the Teotihuacanos was less folkloric, basing itself almost absolutely on mythological ideas. Natural phenomena, human activities, death were all subordinated to the wills of the beings who inhabited the aboriginal Olympus.

THE people of the valley have no nationalist conception of any conventional sort; nor have they more collective dogma than the little which they apply to their social organization, consisting simply of the family and the community, which is often hostile to neighboring communities.

Beyond a doubt the best government that the Teotihuacanos have ever had they themselves created. The pre-Hispanic laws were derived directly from the necessities of the Indian, were adapted to his ambitions and his ideas, and were, therefore, far superior in their service to the people to those which the conquerors established. The Spanish laws differed in form, purpose and use from those of the Indians. The resulting struggle between the two social systems which the two sets of laws represented created a situation favorable to the development of the whites, while the Indians, oppressed and hampered by this harmful and exotic legislation, stagnated and degenerated. An attempt was made in the so-called Indian legislation to consider the needs of the conquered people, but this theoretical aid never went beyond the written stage, nor would it have been of any material benefit had it done so. The independence of Mexico, curiously enough, brought with it an even more impossible situation; for although it declared in written words that the men were free, in reality the new laws were even more oppressive and unsuited to them than were those of the colonial times. It imposed on the native a confused synthesis of legal principles gleaned from the Roman, Spanish, North American, French and English codes. Before the declaration of independence, the Indian had had the privilege of complaining to the court in Spain with the chance of obtaining a hearing and sometimes redress; but the new pseudo-democratic, pseudo-republican system closed its ears to the pleas of the natives for an entire century to devote itself exclusively to the corrupt and despotic practices which flourished in the name of democracy. The people, in spite of high taxes, lacked public service, water ways, drainage, schools, libraries, food supervision and inspection and medical service.

An interesting and curious element in considering all these things is that all the various governments believed that the laws which they passed were the best, the most beneficial and the most useful possible; that they had done as much for the people as could be reasonably desired. And for all these years, because of ignorance and lack of consideration of sociological principles, there resulted the abnormal and unbalanced existence of the Mexican people.

TO remedy conditions we centered our attention on the economic as well as the educational problem.

We began by raising the wages of the four hundred governmental employes in the region to 125 pesos, as a means not only of improving the condition of these employes, but in the hope of raising the competitive wage paid by the large *hacendados*. With the same object we reduced the hours of labor from twelve to eight. We had been urging that the 7,907 propertyless people in the neighborhood be granted land by the national agrarian commission in accord with the constitutional requirements. We have succeeded in securing the restitution of water facilities for the pueblos and with their cooperation have developed irrigation wells and canals. We have also carried on an agricultural educational campaign by the distribution of pamphlets and other methods. Our objective has been to utilize the natural resources of the valley as a means of economic improvement and industrial development. We have utilized the clays in the making of pottery, bricks and tiles worked out with native colors and designs; the fiber of the *pulque maguey* in the making of sacks, ropes, hammocks and cloth. From straw and various available roots, we have taught the people how to make hats and baskets, and from the obsidian ear rings and other kinds of jewelry, mounting them in blue steel or encrusting them in gold or silver. The Indians are now mixing the *tezontle,* or spongy lava, with clay instead of the usual manure and thus giving a better consistency to their bricks, while from the cheap *galote* (Argemione mexicana), a wild plant requiring no cultivation, we are extracting oil for the making of soap.

THE archaeological remains in the neighborhood are a constant source of interest to visitors and can be made into a means of money income for the natives. We intensified exploration of the archaeological remains and secured publicity for them by leaflets and through the press. The results have been excellent. During the winter months there are daily from five hundred to a thousand visitors who spend between fifty thousand and sixty thousand pesos a month in the neighborhood, and who also provide a constant market for the enameled ceramics and obsidian jewelry.

To improve communication between the valley and the city we constructed the main automobile road, and assisted the inhabitants in building side roads leading to their villages. A bridge was constructed over the river Oztoticpac. A new railway station called Piramides was established and the Mexican railway inaugurated special daily service to the Valley at reduced rates.

IT has been necessary to initiate education, not merely reading and writing, but subjects dedicated to more integral needs—industry, commerce, agriculture, hygiene, morality, civics.

A school for children and adults was promptly established, in which two hours per day are devoted to reading, writing and elementary arithmetic. No textbook for geography is used, but geographic facts are taught realistically. The pupils cooperate each year in the making of a high relief map of the republic with dirt, rocks and plants Nor is a geometry text used; the children learn to measure elementary surfaces, triangles, quadrilaterals, polygons, circles, and apply their knowledge to the measurement of cloth, land, etc. In a similar manner, the pupils are taught to measure the volume of hay-stacks, water-reservoirs, bags of sand; and finally to construct balances, meter-measures and weights to demonstrate their understanding of the metrical

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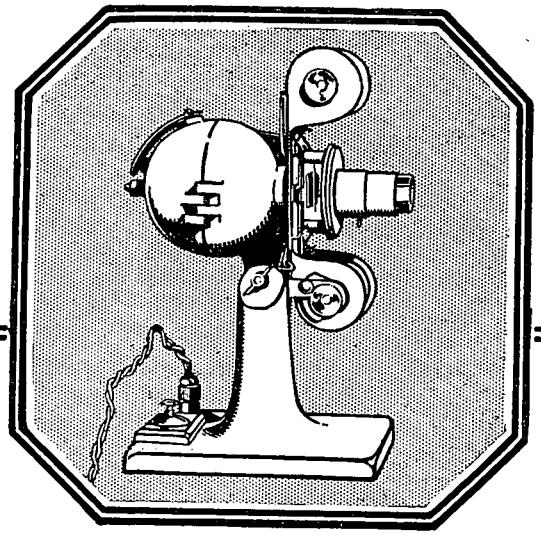
system. Periodically there is explained in simple language and summarized for them the concepts of humanity, nationality, society, justice, altruism and cooperation.

In industrial education traditional methods were again discarded. The pupils identify the natural mineral and vegetable resources of the region, make finished objects of these materials in the shops, and learn the most available markets for them. In these shops no costly machinery was installed, for the people could never acquire such machinery, and would, therefore, be obliged to emigrate to the great manufacturing centers to utilize their knowledge. This would have meant that our program had developed more slaves to the machine system of the large cities, when our intent was rather to make possible individual self-sustenance, keeping the great mass of the people here. The installations are economical and simple, a typical example being the three implements required for the cutting, shaping and polishing of obsidian, which can be purchased for five, for twenty-five and for seventy-five pesos, respectively. Other shops have been established for the making of ceramics, obsidian-ware, string and rope, fiber products, soap, woodwork, iron and lead-work, bricks, masonry. There is instruction in embroidery, weaving, drawn-work, bee culture and silk culture.

Agrarian education consists in the substitution of more *productive products* for the traditional crops of wheat, maize, barley and pulque. The small cultivators have grown maize exclusively. In the *granja* next to the school the cultivation of melons, canteloups, strawberries, tomatoes and white beans is now being taught, for these products are four or five times as remunerative as maize, and demand practically the same labor.

Since the surface waters of the region were the property of the great land holders, the subterranean waters rather deep, and since the natives had not the means to install waterworks, it was natural that they not only did not have water for agricultural purposes, but often lacked it even for personal cleanliness—an explanation of the dirtiness of the inhabitants. To correct this, public shower baths and swimming pools are being installed. The teacher of the school personally sees to it that the children bathe at least once a week and wash their hair and clothes. Three small sanitary houses have been built to serve as models. They are well-ventilated, have chimneys, and the domestic animals are stabled apart. Sports, such as racing, jumping, swimming, *juego de pelota* and skating have been started in the school to aid in the physical development of both children and adults.

THE present inhabitants are the descendants of the famous artists who built the monumental archaeological city of Teotihuacan. To revive, if possible, these ancient and sleeping manifestations of artistic sense, and to strengthen it in those in whom it has survived, large pictures of these beautiful monuments of the past, as well as photographs of typical costumes of the indigenous Mexican families have been hung in the school. One of the best regional musicians is teaching the children and adults and organizing concerts. With the chorio-graphic elements of the old Catholic-pagan dances picturesque ballets are being organized; from the inspiration of the fables and traditional folk-lore, local comedies are produced by native artists, who fill the roles with such naturalness and aptitude that they



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have been asked to give performances in one of the leading theaters of the capital. A large natural amphitheater which holds two thousand people, the back scenery of which shows gigantic hills, is provided for theatrical performances, moving picture exhibitions and conferences. A high-power radio-receiver is being installed so that the people can hear the concerts of the capital. Decorative and musical art is stimulated by contests, especially among the local ceramic workers whose work is the most original of the republic.

Up to 1917 there was not a single doctor to attend the 8,330 inhabitants of the region. The sick who needed urgent treatment were brought to the Red Cross in Mexico City. A free clinic has been established with modern surgical equipment, in charge of a doctor who shall serve the public, and, above all, teach them to prevent sickness by means of hygiene, vaccination, physical exercise and temperance. All the children have been vaccinated. Twice a year the doctor goes through the region on horseback, even to the most distant villages, vaccinating all who apply.

And concrete results have followed. The local wage has risen for day-workers on the *haciendas* from seventy *centavos* to one *peso;* rural property has risen in value from 25 per cent to 500 per cent, according to its distance from the new roads. The total population of the valley has increased at least 10 per cent. The building of roads for travelers and the reduction of railway rates facilitates the organization of the inhabitants and provides a market for their industrial and agricultural products. The physical aspect of the people has improved—as has also that of the houses and towns. The terrible epidemics of small pox have disappeared. More cattle, goats, hogs and sheep, as well as fowls, are grown than formerly. The liking for artistic and intellectual diversions has been awakened. The distribution of lands and waters is lacking. That we hope to bring about soon.

THE most serious obstacle we have encountered in our undertaking has been the habits of the people. This has been the great difficulty throughout the country. In spite of the enthusiasm and the energy we have expended, the development of new methods and new ideas has been very slow. After a dwelling has been made sanitary, it is necessary to inspect it continually; otherwise the dwellers insensibly fall back into their dirty habits. It is an unconscious but persistent influence. Within a few months the clean dwelling is like the others, though the inhabitants imagine that the improvement has continued. Children receive the carefully planned education, but when they return to their homes, the parental influence works unconsciously upon them, instilling in them the prejudices of their backward civilization. In many cases the Catholic priests gently obstruct everything which tends to do away with the superstitions of their parishioners.

In spite of all this it is clear that effective results have been obtained by the new system. Nevertheless, in order to make the work more fruitful, we are going to organize a new reform experiment in the region of Oaxaca. Not only will we establish a school, theater, shops, clinic, but a town in which the ideas set forth in this article can be put in action. This modern town will have a favorable outlook, water-supply and drainage, and will be at some distance from the town already existing in the region. In this way, the "new conquest" will be rendered easier, because in a place set apart there will be the least possible adverse influence.

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Announcement of a

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IN ITS efforts to strike at the underlying causes of distress among the poor, the New York A. I. C. P. has conducted a series of health and educational experiments in various districts of New York City. The results of these, as well as some intensive experiments in its more regular activities, have been so interesting that it has been decided to issue them in report form, at the actual cost of printing and mailing, **(25 cents per copy; 25 or more, 20c per copy; 100 or more, 15c per copy; entire series, $1.75).** Each report has been submitted to a group of specialists before publication and has been presented in a manner which will make a strong appeal to everyone interested in public health, community organization, education, and other branches of social work. A brief description of each report appears below.

1. The Health of a Neighborhood

By JOHN C. GEBHART

Of unusual interest to students of neighborhood and health problems. Results of intensive health demonstrations by the A. I. C. P. in the Mulberry District of lower east side, New York. Explains how material was gathered, the shifting population, the amount of sickness prevalent at all times and other data of value.

2. Adapting Nutrition Work to a Child Health Program

By LUCY H. GILLETT

A report on how the A. I. C. P. deals with the problem of defective nutrition among children. The nutrition class method for school children, home visiting for children of pre-school age, special educational work with groups of older girls and mothers, popular health education through schools and other agencies. These are some of the subjects covered, together with estimated cost of methods. The report includes a series of health talks and projects for teaching health to children.

3. The Growth and Development of Italian Children

By JOHN C. GEBHART

Deals with the problem of normal growth and development of children. An intensive study of the weights and statures of 4,000 Italian children in a congested district of New York City, as compared with other dominant racial and social types. This study also includes comparative analyses of dentition, seasonal variations in growth and other factors bearing on the problem.

4. Do Height and Weight Tables Identify Undernourished Children?

A practical application of the material covered in Report No. 3, to the problem of degree to which arbitrary height and weight standards can be exclusively relied upon as a method for selecting undernourished children. This report is the result of a joint study of the problem by John C. Gebhart, Director Department of Social Welfare, of the A. I. C. P., Louis I. Dublin, Statistician, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., and Dr. L. C. Schroeder, associate professor of pediatrics, Cornell Medical College.

5. Protecting the Mother and Child

Deals with two important problems. First, a survey of five years' experience in carrying on a prenatal program. The second section deals with a child health program conducted in the Mulberry District over a period of six years. A large part of the report is devoted to an actual experience in bringing children of pre-school age under care and observation.

6. Community Oral Hygiene

Covers a four year program of oral hygiene in a restricted district, in which all the children of the first five grades of school have been included. Deals with periodic prophylactic cleanings, extractions, fillings and special treatment to arrest decay. Results of the work have been carefully studied and present a convincing exhibit of the improvement which can be obtained for a given expenditure of time and money.

7. Health Work for Mothers in a Colored District

Since 1917 the A. I. C. P. has conducted a prenatal service for colored mothers in a district where the death rate of mothers and children was alarmingly high. The program provides a definite tie-up of venereal disease follow-up and a pre-natal nursing service. The report is a strong argument for the necessity of including a venereal disease campaign with pre-natal service.

8. Tuberculosis, a Family Problem

By JOHN C. GEBHART

A survey of ten years' experience with the Home Hospital, showing results obtainable by housing the tuberculous patient with his family in decent living quarters under constant medical and nursing supervision. The report covers the social as well as the health aspects of this now famous experiment.

9. When Fathers Drop Out

By WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS

A report on the results of nine years' experience of the A. I. C. P. in granting monthly allowances to widowed mothers with children not included in the New York Widow's Pension Act. Includes histories of cases, incomes, budgets, medical data, education and all other important factors of this type of social service. An intensely human document.

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BANDIT COLONIES

(*Continued from page* 148)

became a farmer and rode an American tractor.

These colonies were organized on a cooperative basis. Then the labor movement came along and organized them into the Federation of Labor, and for the last two years Cedilla and six of his followers have been attending the conventions of the Mexican Federation of Labor as delegates from their district—picturesque, powerful, buoyant, armed to the teeth, good-natured and full of laughter, but genuine and earnest. Cedilla had lots of ammunition to protect his lands in case someone tried to take it away from his people. And when the military rebellion broke out last fall, he was the first to offer his services to the Obregon government. Cedilla loves peace and hates banditry!

That is the story of the bandit colonies. When Obregon came into power he had a hundred and thirty thousand federal soldiers, and there were fifty thousand bandits in the land. General Plutarco Elías Calles was secretary of war. The pacification of Mexico was the first problem. Without peace nothing was possible. General Calles opened his arms and took the fifty thousand bandits into the army. He accepted them at their own rating. He said, "If you say you are a general, you must be one." Since then the so-called bandits have been General Calles' greatest friends. And it was the way to peace—the easiest, and perhaps the only way to peace.

The army was thus swelled to a hundred and eighty thousand. As soon as conditions permitted, various parts of the army were put to work. The original federal army was put to building roads, and some of the best and practically the only roads in Mexico are those built in the last three years by the army. The bandits, so-called, were put to work building colonies, clearing the soil, organizing settlements, and as soon as conditions permitted, various groups were settled in military colonies, given lands, supplied with agricultural machinery. Schools were built, roads constructed. They were paid in advance so that they would be able to harvest the first crop, and for all practical purposes the bandit problem disappeared.

There are bandit colonies in Oaxaca, Chiapas, Veracruz, Tamaulipas, San Luis Potosí, Durango and other states. Pancho Villa became a great farmer and raised forty thousand bushels of wheat. This policy was carried out also with the federal army, which was gradually reduced so that on October 1, 1923, it numbered 32 generals of division, 127 brigade generals, 348 brigadiers, 772 colonels, 851 lieutenant colonels, 1,224 majors, 2,123 first captains, 1,623 second captains, 2,521 first lieutenants, 2,454 second lieutenants, and 60,626 enlisted men. During October another 2,000 men and officers were discharged, and this gradual disbanding of the army and their settlement in military colonies was to continue until the regular strength of the army should be no more than fifty thousand. How much less would be determined by the situation. Mexico was trying to disarm. The De la Huerta rebellion interrupted this process. The bandits of yesterday became the most loyal defenders of the government. Once the country is at peace again, the beating of sabers into plowshares will go forward.

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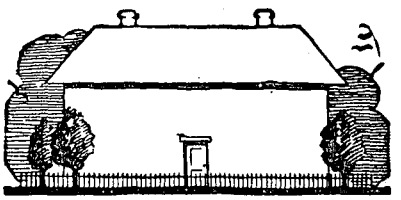

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The Year's at the Spring!

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One shop on the Avenue goes so far as to make up attractive boxes of "Bon Voyage Books" which can be ordered, all prepared, just like the basket of fruit, for a steamer gift. Or you can choose the books yourself and they go up the gang-plank in a gay and festive package with practically no trouble to you. The bookshop attends to everything.

"The Interpreter's House" by Struthers Burt and Edna Ferber's "So Big" are running a close race this spring—The Book Shop Man says.

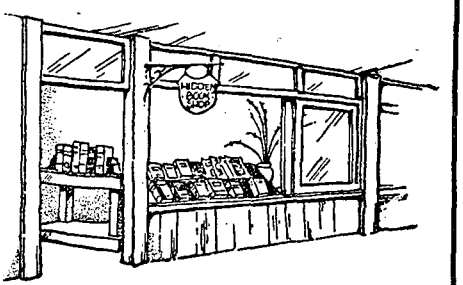
"The lighter novels, tales of adventure, and gossippy memoirs fit the mood of the season," he continued, "and it seems to be the custom to get through the heavy reading in the winter months, then to shed high brow literature along with heavy overcoats when vacation time comes."

"—I hate to admit it but I believe it is true—current literature is no better this year than it was last, nor does the popular taste change very much."

It is a terrible thing when a Book Shop Man becomes a pessimist. I retreated from his shop and wandered along to the next shop window. There was a gala collection of bright jackets and entrancing titles. Almost every play that has been seen on Broadway this season has been put between book covers; some of them are far better for reading than they are for acting in the theatre. Some, like Shaw's "St. Joan," where the battery of clever lines comes much too fast for easy assimilation, is thrice enjoyable in book form. And as for the provinces, where the theatrical advantages of Broadway are out of reach, these volumes of current plays are a godsend.

Whether the popular taste forms the book shop or the Book Shop Man takes a hand in forming the popular taste, the ordinary human goes on prowling among the shelves, looking, looking for the book that fits the mood.

SARA MERRILL.



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And they call such places "homes"! The places where the poor, the sick, the deaf, the blind, the orphans and other public charges are housed. Shelters only—compared with real *homes* such as most of them formerly had.

More real homes and fewer "homes" are what this country needs right now. The welfare of the individual, the family, the nation, the whole world is based upon homes. Civilization itself is founded upon the home. Have you a *real* home or just a roof and four walls?

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NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Owen R. Lovejoy, secretary, 1 East 104th Street, New York. Industrial, agricultural investigations. Works for improved laws and administration, children's codes. Studies health, schools, recreation, dependency, delinquency, etc. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 includes monthly bulletin, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC.—Charles F. Powlison, general secretary, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. Originates and publishes exhibit material which visualizes the principles and conditions affecting the health, well-being and education of children. Cooperates with educators, public health agencies, and all child welfare groups in community, city or state-wide service through exhibits, child welfare campaigns, etc.

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NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Lewis H. Carris, managing director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, secretary; 130 East 22nd Street, New York. Objects: To furnish information, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, personal service for local organizations and legislation, publish literature of movement—samples free, quantities at cost. Includes New York State Committee.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Grace Abbott, president, Washington, D. C.; W. H. Parker, secretary, 25 East Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-first annual meeting of the Conference will be held in Toronto, Canada, June 25th to July 2nd, 1924. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS AND PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATIONS—Executive office: Mrs. A. H. Reeve, president, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; national headquarters: Mrs Arthur C. Watkins, executive secretary, 1201 Sixteenth Street N.W., Washington, D. C. An organization interested in the promotion of child welfare, adequate legislation for women and children, closer relation between home and school.

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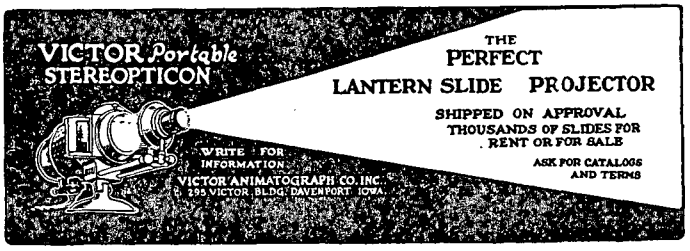

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RUBBING SHOULDERS ON THE BORDER

(*Continued from page* 185)

which life is made. As a consequence, the American has much to say about the "mañana" propensities of his Mexican neighbor, while the alien from the south feels sure he is dealing with a manicured savage, whom for some inexplicable reason, the gods of fortune have peculiarly blessed. While recognizing the superior genius of the American as a builder, in his heart of hearts he is consciously superior in the graces which he feels are really worth while. And let it not be imagined that these artistic virtues are confined to that small group who make up the social aristocracy among the Mexicans. I have seen Mexican laborers listen for hours to classical music of the most technical kind, understanding only by that genius which is the gift of God rather than the result of training. The humblest section house or slum *jacal* built of old piano boxes, has its flowers or potted plants.

But just as he is more blunt by nature, so the American is more blunt in revealing the fact that he feels himself superior. He wants the Mexican to "get it straight," to "keep his place," to "know where he gets off." On the other hand, the Mexican by nature hides his sense of superiority. Borrowing his own phrase, he knows how "to throw flowers." Unless he is at bay, it offends his sense of the artistic to be rude; not that he is thoughtful of the American, but that he is more mindful of himself. If the Mexican has really earned the reputation of being mendacious, it is because to lie is less offensive to his artistic nature than to be discourteous.

NOW the presence of a large group of aliens within the territorial boundaries of the United States always stirs us Americans. We think something ought to be done about it, and the thing we want to do is described by that post-wartime word "Americanization." We do not know exactly what it means, but we are all for it. And so we organize our classes and our clubs, with the idea that as soon as possible we shall run the alien through the naturalization mill, and make him an American citizen. Our first error lies in the apparent belief that nominal allegiance is valuable, without a change of nature on the part of the alien. You cannot make Christians by baptizing a crowd with a hose, nor can you make Americans out of alien groups by putting them through certain formal processes. In fact, until his heart is changed, the foreigner is better off maintaining his old allegiance. After all, my brother-in-law of Miraminas, with his love for America and American ideals, and his purpose to remain in this country, is probably a better American than the alien who, for business or social purposes hurriedly takes out citizenship papers. The former does not, only because he is afraid his throat will be cut if he does; the latter does, only because he is afraid his throat will be cut if he does not.

Our second mistake, at least as it concerns the Mexican, lies in the fact that we believe Americanization is a dose to be administered entirely to the alien. We look at him en masse, and wonder what ought to be done to him, little realizing that for intelligent solution of the problem, we might well be wondering also what we ought to do to ourselves.

(*Continued on page* 204)

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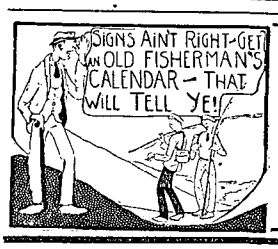

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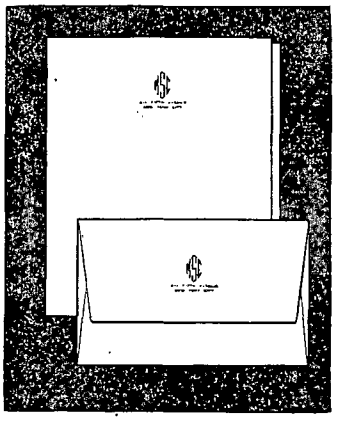

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RUBBING SHOULDERS ON THE BORDER

(*Continued from page 201*)

Americanization is the process of imparting to aliens that which is best in our own culture, while assimilating from them that which is best in their own. Thinking thus, the problem has as much to do with some people who have Mayflower ancestors on their walls, and spinning wheels in their parlors, as it has to do with section gang workers from Chihuahua. If there is any one principle which is basilar in our Americanism, it is that of the square deal; and he who is guilty of foul play to the alien, taking advantage of his ignorance, needs Americanization just as much as the man who because of a prior alien residence is lacking in other essential American ideals.

Of course there is the ever present problem of ignorance, but with this the public schools can be counted upon to deal. Already in many a Mexican home, the child is father of the man, interpreting for the family, and solving many of the problems of household arithmetic. Already the children are expressing a marked preference for English, simply because the bulk of their mental increment is coming by way of English channels. It will take a couple of decades, but the schools as always can be counted upon.

And at the same time, the schools are doing much to break down prejudice, and to dissolve distrust. In mixed communities, Juan plays baseball with John, and does it just about as well; and incidentally the two are getting to know each other, and are settling all the little differences that naturally arise, while they are still boys. Another decidedly helpful influence is the increasing interest in the study of Spanish in our schools and colleges along the border.

The Mexican minister of education is making a most helpful contribution also in the program at the National University. For the past two summers, six weeks courses have been offered teachers of Spanish from this country, and large numbers have taken advantage of the opportunity thus given for residence and study in Mexico City. Impressions gained from daily contact with Mexican peons in this country, thus give place to surprised appreciation of the art and culture of one of the greatest capitals in the world.

After all, we Americans, boasting of our spirit of fair play, are very unreasonable in our attitude toward the Mexican along our border. We need him; our very industrial life demands his presence. Then, when he comes and makes his abode near us, we are irritated because his home is not like ours; and he has probably never seen the inside of an American home. We are displeased because he is unlike ourselves; and when we meet him, we show him our most unlovely side, making ourselves what an intelligent Mexican would not want to imitate. With our native love for organization, we want to solve the problem with machinery, failing to realize that the irritation has arisen from individual contacts, and by friendly individual contacts it must be overcome.

For the most part, we touch the Mexican at but a single point of contact—the industrial. And it is just there all the hatreds and the misunderstandings and the wars have arisen since time began. Less isolation and more understanding will do much to solve the problem.

How shall we remove the friction that comes from rubbing shoulders along the border?

Why, just rub shoulders a little more!

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